A. L. Bancroft & Co

The Yolo Democrat.

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The Yolo Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

WM. SAUNDERS,

Editor and Proprietor.

M. W. THOMAS,............Agent.

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Of the story element, the brightest feature is the beginning of the new serial by Miss Alcott, entitled "Under the Lilacs," with illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote.

The Christmas Number contains also the opening of a new Serial Story for Boys, a tale of tropical life, by Gustavus Frankenstein, entitled "Tower-Mountain," admirably illustrated by the artists Moran and Kelly;

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The "HOW" series of instructive papers, by various authors, will tell HOW to bind your own books; HOW they mine coal; HOW to enjoy yourselves at home; HOW to be an agreeable guest; HOW to entertain company; HOW to be a carpenter; HOW to make an ice boat; HOW to build a house; HOW India Rubber is gathered; HOW matches are made; HOW money is made; HOW mackerel are caught; HOW they laid the Atlantic cable; HOW they mine in California; HOW they work in the tea-country; HOW to be a parlor magician, etc. There will also be a series of stories and sketches of Foreign Life.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Such as "Old Nicolai," (a Russian story), "A Day among the Welsh Castles," "Easter in Germany, "The Indians of the Amazon," "How Kitty was lost in a Turkish Bazaar," "Master Montezuma," (a Mexican story), "Hansa, the Lapp Maiden," and many others.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Young Contributors' Department," "Letter-Box," "Riddle-Box," and "For Very Little Folks," will be continued.

The four bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS just published are the most wonderful, beautiful and attractive Christmas Present for Young People. Each volume is complete in itself. Vols. 1 and 2, $3 each; vols. 3 and 4, $4 each.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

FOR 1877-78.

Without recalling the excellence of the past, the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY announce, for the year to come, the following papers:

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE.—This subject will be treated in a series of separate papers engaged from writers who stand in the front rank among Americans, both in qualities of style and in keen insight of nature. Mr. R. E. Robinson, author of a delightful paper on "Fox-Hunting in New England" in the January number, will represent the same section in this series. John Burroughs, whose papers on similar topics have been a highly prized and popular feature of SCRIBNER will write of Farm Life in New York. Maurice Thompson, the poet-naturalist, will describe the characteristics of Western Farming, of which but little has been written. It is expected that the illustration of this series will be of a refined and typical character, commensurate with the subject matter. It is thought that no paper or series of papers yet issued in SCRIBNER will so fully realize the constant desire of the magazine to keep out of the ruts, and, both in text and illustrations, to obtain quality rather than quantity, and to print fresh, strong and delicate work from original sources.

"ROXY,"—by EDWARD EGGLESTON (author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.) This new novel will doubtless be the most important American serial of the year. The first number was published in November. Those who have read it in manuscript declare Roxy to be much the most striking and remarkable story this author has ever written. It is illustrated by one of the ablest of the younger American painters—Mr. Walter Shirlaw, President of "The American Art Association."

AMERICAN SPORTS.—Some of the most novel and entertaining of these papers are yet to appear, the scenes of which will be in the West, the Middle States, the South, New England and Canada.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS,—by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," &c., will contain not only articles on Birds, but on "Tramping," "Camping Out," and kindred topics. Mr. Burrough's papers will begin in the January number, the first being entitled "Birds and Birds," and illustrated by Fidelia Bridges.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.—Dr. Thos. M. Brewer will contribute four exquisitely illustrated articles on birds' nests, which every lover of nature will delight in. Dr. Brewer has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in the world to draw upon for the illustration of these papers.

THE SADDLE-HORSE.—Col. George E. Waring, with whose excellent work of various sorts our readers are familiar, contributes two illustrated articles on the horse. He treats specially of saddle-horses and their use for pleasure and for sport, including road-riding, fox-hunting and racing. The nature of the English thoroughbred and that of his Eastern progenitor (the Arabian) are fully considered in relation to their uses.

SAXE HOLM.—New stories by this popular writer will be given in early numbers of SCRIBNER, beginning with "Joe Hale's Red Stockings," to appear in January. This "novelette" chronicles an episode of the late war for the Union.

"HIS INHERITANCE,"—By Adeline Trafton, so well begun in the Midsummer Holiday number, will be continued nearly through the year. It will be found to be of increasing interest to the very end.

"A KNIGHT OF FORTUNE"—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new novel—will be begun in SCRIBNER at the conclusion of "His Inheritance." It will reveal a phase of American society undreamed of by most of our readers, and will be certain to increase the reputation of the writer as a master of English and of his art.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will continue to employ the ablest pens in America, and will include the present admirable summary of English publications. Besides the special articles above enumerated, the magazine will contain Poems, Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and shorter Stories of the highest character. A large practical reduction in price is made by an increase in the number of pages.

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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The Secretary of the Treasury in his report says: The ordinary revenues from all sources for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, were: From customs, $130,956,493; from internal revenue, $118,630;407; from sales of public lands, $976,253; from tax on circulation and deposits of National Banks, $6,078,550; from repayment of interest by Pacific Railway Companies, $1,661,998; from custom fees, fines, penalties, etc., $1,044,712; from fees, consular letters, pattents and lands, $1,727,611; from proceeds of sales of Government property, $333,954; from premium on sales of coin, $249,580; from profits on coinage, etc., $3,273,239; from miscellaneous sources, $3,067,789; total ordinary receipts, $269,000,586. The ordinary expenditures for the same period were: For civil pensions, $15,794,188; for foreign intercourse, $1,229,758; for Indians, $5,277,007; for pensions, $27,963,752; for the military establishment, including river and harbor improvements and arsenals, $37,082,735; for the naval establishment, including vessels, machinery and improvements at the navy yards, $14,959,935: for miscellaneous expenditures, including public buildings, light houses and collecting revenue, $39,228,119; for interest on the public debt, $97,124,511; total ordinary expenditures, $238,660,008, leaving a surplus revenue of $30,340,577, which has been applied to the redemption of notes, currency and bonds, and to increase the treasury balance. There is a deficiency in the sinking fund over this amount of $3,389,255. This is a decrease compared with the previous year of $17,000,000 of customs revenue, of $3,500,000 of sales of coin and $1,250,000 of sales of public property. There was an increase of $2,000,000 in internal revenue receipts, and of $1,532,132 on coinage. The net decrease for the year from all sources was $18,000,000. Expenditures in the War Department decreased $983,152; in the Navy Department, $4,003,374; in the Interior Department, $983,144; civil and miscellaneous, $10,706,307, interest on public debt, $4,113,759. Total, $19,799,788. Part of this decrease notably in the Navy Department, is not real on account of the deficiency existing. A part of the reduction is due to decreased salaries. For the fiscal year of 1878 the estimated revenues are $193,962,430, to which should be added the actual revenues derived for the quarter ending September 30, 1877, which are $71,537,569. The expenditures for the same period are estimated at $161,699,738; actual, $70,730,905. Estimate for 1879: Revenues, $269,250,000; expenditures, $280,688,796.

The Secretary depreciates the attempt to repeal the Resumption Act, declaring that any measure to create distrust will arrest the funding operations, disable the capacity of the United States for borrowing and compell the continued payment of the high rate of six per cent. He insists that if silver dollars are issued, it be under the restriction that gold alone shall pay the principal and interest on the bonds. He recommends that the Secretary be empowered to sell bonds for coin or its equivalent in United States notes. He recommends that the Secretary be empowered also gradually to fund into four per cents. all United States notes in excess of $300,000,000, the bonds to be issued at par with coin or its market value in United States notes. He commends the general condition of the Mints and discusses at length the relations of gold and silver. He states the expenses of maintaining custom officers at Alaska for the last two years at $17,418, while the receipts from customs were much less.

WHAT PRODUCED THE TRAMP.

The tramp is an evil that has "come to stay," says a Radical newspaper, and we must shape our legislation accordingly. In other words, a great, chronic malady has been fastened upon the country, which may possibly be mitigated by severe restrive measures but never eradicated. This wise political economist will hardly take so dreary and melancholy a view of the sitnation. It may be true, that the trouble amounts to a disease, permeating all parts of the body-politic and seemingly incurable, but it is no less true that the disease was engendered and is still kept up by the errors and vices of the Republican party, and may yield to remedy whenever the Government is thoroughly purged of these vices and errors. A contemporary suggests that the causes that produced the evil and continue to agravate it have only to be be removed and the evil will speedily disappear. The tramp has come to stay just so long as bad laws, incompetent administrations and ruinous policies of finance compel him to be a tramp—but no longer. Restore honesty to the Government, wisdom to its law makers, and the principles of justice and equality to its dealings with the people, and prosperity will return contemporaneously with it. Then will the tramp cease to be a tramp, and rise once more to the dignity of free, American manhood. Then will willing hands find labor to do, and labor enjoy its reasonable reward, and the memory of tramp-life vanish with that of the vanishing party whose corruptions brought it into being.

PRESERVING COUNTY RECORDS.

The records of every county, Says the Los Angeles *Express*, ought to be duplicated to such an extent that no possible calamity would leave the people without a copy. There is no more certain or economical method of securing records from annihilation than by printing them. All the talk of photography taking the place of printing in this matter is absurd. The type process is the cheapest and the best, and we fully agree with the remarks of the San Jose *Mercury* on this subject. It says: The question of the preservation of public records has always been in more or less perplexing difficulties. Their liability to destruction by fire is always imminent, even in the most secure fire proof vaults, and then other causes, such as dampness, fading ink, the wear of frequent use, etc., are constantly at work effacing and obliterating to the end of total destruction. The trouble and cost to a community caused by the destruction of the records of a great city, like that by the Chicago fire, can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents. Now there is a safe and economical remedy for this, which the people are blind to their own interests not to adopt. It simply consists in printing the records, which could be done for a less sum than it now costs to record them. They should be printed on large, clear type from day to day as received, and upon sheets properly paged and numbered for binding. To save all cost of copying, the printing should be done from originals, the printer being deputized as a Recorder, and sworn to do the work properly. The printed forms of deeds, mortgages, acknowledgments, etc., etc. which would constitute the larger portion of the work, are, or could be readily made uniform, thus working a great saving in the matter of type-setting. The great advantage of plainness and convenience for reference of this method, requires no argument. And then, by duplicating copies the liability to destruction by fire would be wholly obviated. Bankers, real estate dealers, searchers of records and others would gladly pay for copies for their own use, thereby reducing the cost of the work to the county. We would undertake—and so would any printer—to furnish twenty printed copies of all our public records, at what it now costs the county for a single copy. And would not the advantages be incalculable? Would it not be well if our Legislators would act upon this suggestion?

THE REAL BATTLE BEGUN.

And so the Senate Committee on Commerce has reported against the confirmation of the President's New York appointments of Roosevelt for Collector, and Prince for Naval Officer; and it is possible that they may be rejected. It is the province of the Senate, says the *Bee*, to examine, and if it thinks proper, reject; and it is the duty of the President to keep on appointing until the Senate shall be suited. He can send another batch of names in a few days—for there are plenty of men in that great State, who are not Conkling's particular friends, but good citizens and faithful Republicans, who would make competent officers. And let the Senate if it please reject these again and again. It will tire before the President does, if he has any reasonable amount of grit; and in this sign he will conquer. If he beats Conkling and his clans now, the victory is his forever, but if the President succumbs in this instance he is lost. There is the fight—and the President has success within his reach if he puts his hand out firmly to grasp it.

THE SENATOR ELECT.

The Sacramento *Bee*, moderately Radical, and one of the most ably conducted papers on the coast, has this to say of our new Senator elect: Jas. Farley, of Amador, is the new Senator elect. The Democratic caucus labored and this is the result. He was from the first, in the public mind, the most popular of all the candidates named, and next to him came Ryland, but the latter injured his cause much by his fierce attack, in his speech to the caucus, upon the title of Hayes to the Presidency—for not even the Democrats of California desire to call that title into question now. Farley's experience, ability and well known energy, will enable him (if he don't become lazy, as many men of his build do at his age) to be of great service to the State. For the interest of the whole people and aside from mere party considerations, we think Farley was the best of the Democratic candidates who had any following.

THE State Prison has been admirably managed during the past two years, as the figures prove. The average number of prisoners were 1,161 each month; yearly cost, $155 73.5 each; monthly $12 97.8; daily, 42.7 cents. For the two years preceding the daily cost was 44 cents, and for the two years ending June 30, 1872, the cost was 53¼ cents per capita. These figures, remarks a cotemporary, are a better eulogy upon the administration of Lieutenant-Governor Johnston than columns of complimentary notices.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Associated Press Special Dispatches to the Daily Democrat.

Russia Wants No Meditation.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—The turcophile journals say that this is the most critical period of the conflict. There is great uneasiness as to the possible outcome of the reception given by Germany and Austria to the appeal of the Porte for mediation. It is believed that nothing will come of it, but that the Russians will push their conquest up to a point which may force England to interfere to protect her interests.

In any case, Russia is unwilling at present to listen to proposals for mediation. She either desires to push her conquests further, or else is unwilling that any other Powers should come between herself and Turkey in the settlement of terms of peace.

Germany Wants Turkey Crushed.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—A Berlin dispatch says: The impression prevalent in diplomatic and bereaucratic circles is that the German Government is desirous of a termination of the war; that it will adhere fully and freely to whatever conditions Russia may resolve to enact, and that it has resolved neither itself to advance any obstacle nor, so far as it can help, to permit any other power to hinder the extinction of Turkey as a European power.

San Elizaro Riot.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—A dispatch received at Lieutenant-Gen. Sheridan's headquarters last night from Captain Blair, who is in command at Fort Bliss, says that after the surrender of the Rangers, Judge Howard, agent for the salt mines, Atkinson and McBride were shot, and the Rangers disarmed and liberated. The Rangers are now at Fort Bliss opposite El Paso, Mexico, and the mob has dispersed. No help wos given the mob from the Mexican side of the river and it was composed entirely of native born citizens of Texas.

God in the Constitution.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 18.—The National Reform Convention to advocate an express acknowledgement of God in the Constitution, met here yesterday. Two hundred delegates were present.

Supporting the President.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Petitions are circulating among bankers and business men asking our Congressmen to stand by the President in all his financial views, declaring them sound and healthy for the country.

Miscellaneous.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 20.—Kearny of San Francisco addressed a large meeting in favor of the labor movement.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The fair in aid of the old South Church realizes forty thousand dollars.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 20.—Merchants here propose to form a company to open trade between the Mississippi Valley and South America.

Duncan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—A telegram received from Coldwater states that Joseph C. Duncan absconding manager of the Pioneer Savings Bank was visiting friends at that place.

RAGUSA, Dec. 20.—Six thousand Turks from Bodgautza were compelled by the Montenegrins to retreat.

VIENNA, Dec. 20.—Neutrality agreement is to be made with the Governments of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

London Dispatch.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The British Cabinet has decided to let Turkey adjust her own difficulties. The opinion among all great Powers is that any attempt to mediate would be useless.

Turkey wants Italy to explain its growing intimacy with Greece.

The German Ministry is still pending.

The Queen will open parliament in person.

Home News.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—There are now serious doubts of Bland's silver bill becoming a law.

The attempt to have the proceedings against Patterson stopped is reported a failure.

All dispatches go to confirm that the San Elizario affair is of a purely trivial nature.

Thurlow Weed on the Silver Question.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—In correcting an error into which he had fallen in a communication to the *Tribune*, Thurlow Weed writes that journal this morning: "The warfare against silver seems to have originated with the Controller of Currency. I hope soon to sumbit my views of the reasons assigned by Mr. Knox and his correspondents for depriving the country of full one-half of its constitutional ability to resume specie payment."

Senator Patterson.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The *Herald's* Columbia special says: The State Senate to-day referred to the Committee on Federal Relations concurrent resolutions requiring the Joint Investigating Committee to report the evidence in their possession upon which indictments have been found against Patterson, to the end that it might forward it to the Senate of the United States. It is not likely the Committee on Federal Relations will report during the present session, if ever, and it is generally conceded that the troublesome matter has now been settled indirectly.

New York Police Commissioners.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The Police Commissioners, accompanied by counsel, appeared before the Mayor to-day in response to various charges of dereliction of duty. The Commissioners in their answer say the charges are general, indefinite and uncertain, and by vague phrases and implications call in question the whole administration of the Police Department for the last two years. A request for an adjournment to prepare for a defense, was denied by the Mayor.

The El Paso Affair.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—A dispatch from El Paso received this morning at Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, states that nothing of importance has occurred within the last twenty-four hours. The United States troops began to arrive there from New Mexico yesterday, and it is expected a sufficient force will soon be there to render further disturbance of the peace unlikely.

The Income Tax.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—A *Herald's* Washington special says: A Sub-Committee of Ways and Means will probably report to the whole Committee a proposition to re-impose the income tax, the object being by this means to obtain a decrease of the tobacco tax and one or two other internal taxes. The argument made in favor of the income tax is that the Eastern seaboard and Middle States now pay far less internal tax than the Northwestern and Southern States, that property and production is overtaxed in these latter, compared with the burdens borne by the former, and that an income tax would equalize the load. Northwestern members say that Government bonds are almost all owned in the seaboard States; that these are exempted from taxation and that an income tax is the only way to reach bondholders.

Diplomatic Changes.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—A Paris dispatch says the Marquis of Harcourt, the French Ambassador to London, is to be removed, and the Marquis of Baneville will go as Ambassador to Constantinople.

Terrible Disaster and Loss of Life.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—A terrific boiler explosion followed by fire occurred last evening at the candy manufactory of Greenfield & Son, where one hundred and fifty boys and girls were employed. The boiler was under the sidewalk and the explosion caused the entire front of the building, four stories high, to fall into the street, and was instantly followed by fire. The disaster is awful. It happened when one shift was coming on and the other going off, and it is supposed three hundred persons were in the building. Cannot tell how many were killed. The ruins are too hot to enter. Young girls suffered much, but many fortunately escaped. The case was and is still heartrending.

FALL CITY, NEB., Dec. 21.—The Citizen's Bank has suspended.

The War News.

LONDON, Dec. 21.—Gen. Todleben is at Orsova arranging for the bombardment of Abokatch.

Ten persons were killed by the fall of a gable from Milnes Hotel at Edinburg.

The Porte has been advised to negotiate direct terms of peace with Russia but declines, and will submit the question to the Turkish Parliament.

Free Schools.

COLUMBIA, Dec. 21.—South Carolina levies a tax for the support of free schools.

Mexican Troubles.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The Governor of Texas telegraphs that the mob at San Elizario was composed of Mexican citizens.

The Minister and Consular Agents along the Rio Grande are to de summoned to Washington.

Postal Agent.

Major Ben. C. Truman has been appointed special Postal agent for San Francisco.

Turkish Levy of 300,000 Men.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—A *Tribune* London special says: A fresh levy of 300-000 men will be ordered by the Porte in a day or two, and the Russian advance is to be resisted to the bitter end. The Turkish policy is to hold every position until driven out, but not to leave large forces to be captured in fortified places. If the Russian armies can be held in check till the new levy is mobilized. Turkey hopes to take the offensive and obtain England's assistance.

The report comes of the probable recall of Midhat Pasha to the Turkish Cabinet. Suleimen Pasha is to have supreme command and carte blanche as to the means of defense, the non-interference of the War Council in Constantinople being guaranteed.

The Servians carried St. Nicholas Pass by assault on Wednesday; also, they have nearly wholly invested Nisch and Widin.

Dutch Steamer Lost with All on Board.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—The Dutch steamer Friesland, from Java to Rotterdam, has been lost, it is believed with all hands, off Cape Finistere. She passed Gibraltar December 5th. A wreckage has been sighted, which there is little doubt came from the Friesland. The crew numbered about 50. She had no passengers. It was at first reported that there were 362 passengers aboard, but these were Malay pilgrims, landed at Jeddah.

The El Paso Trouble—Exciting Rumors

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—A *Times* Messala, New Mexico, special says: There are thousands of rumors in circulation regarding the doings of the Mexican bandits in El Paso county. From this the fact is sifted that all the stores in the border towns of Socorro and Ysleti have been plundered, and that the town of El Paso is threatened with the same kind of treatment.

The Texas Rangers who surrendered at San Elizario, having gathered reinforcements, started yesterday to recapture the arms taken by the Mexicans. It is reported that the forces met each other and a fight followed, in which Lieutenant Mortimer, of the regular army, was killed and two soldiers captured, and the invaders took a cannon from the detachment of United States troops. A portion of the Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, whither they were followed by Texas Rangers.

Lively work may be expected at any hour. General Hatch, with two batteries of artillery and one Gatling gun has arrived at the scene of disorder.

Mexican Raiders Hanged.

BAKERSFIELD, Dec. 22.—The party of raiders that recently went through Caliente and also stole a lot of horses in this place, were captured yesterday by Messrs. Kennedy, Young and Collins at Oak Flat in the Tejon mountains, between Tehachepe and Willow Springs. The prisoners were brought to town and lodged in jail yesterday evening. Early in the night there were omnious whisperings of summary proceedings, and a large number of citizens assembled and proceeded to the jail. The prisoners were then dragged out, taken upstairs into the District Court room, arraigned, tried before a jury of twelve citizens and convicted. Four of them confessed the horse stealing and the raiding of Caliente: the other protested his innocence. The four, however, testified that the other was an active participant in both affairs. A verdict of guilty was returned, of course. The five men were taken out into the rear of the Courthouse and hanged. At 9 o'clock they were still hanging.

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1877.

THE LITTLE LIGHT-KEEPER.

Here is the story of a little child,
Who, with her father, lived beside the sea,
On a lone island, from whose rocks was piled
A lighthouse tower of stoutest masonry—
A sleepless sentinel whose beaming eye
Watched through the night to warn of danger nigh.

One day her father, who had gone ashore,
Failed with the early twilight to return:
And so she sat, and wondered more and more
Until the evening star began to burn,
And thought, "Our light should shed as true a ray,
Lest ships should be misled and cast away."

And so she sat, perplexed with anxious care,
And listened to the ocean's restless moan.
"What can I do? Indeed I cannot bear
Through all the dreary night to stay alone:
Nay, not alone," she thought; and, undismayed,
The little creature then knelt down and prayed.

Then she arose, and, with a trembling hand,
Slow dragged a chair beneath the well-trimmed light;
Perched her slight figure on the trusty stand,
And stretched on tiptoe to her utmost height,
And then reached up—alas! her heart was sick;
The lighted paper did not reach the wick.

What should she do in this her hour of need?
Nought could she find to make the pile more high,
Till the big Bible, kept with careful heed,
And read at night and morning, met her eye;
But still she paused, for, with a reverent dread,
Upon the book of God she feared to tread.

And yet she thought, "What if our light could save
Some ship from wreck upon the rocky shore!"
And so, with resolution strong and brave,
The heavy volume to the pile she bore.
The deed was done; the light's benignant ray
Beamed o'er the boiling breakers of the bay.

Her father sat upon the shore meanwhile,
Detained by cruel wretches, who had planned
To keep the light untended, and beguile
Some passing vessel on the rocky strand;
And, when the cries of drowning men were o'er,
To steal the cargo as it washed ashore.

And as they sat there plotting evil schemes,
Hoping the midnight hour would bring them luck,
True as a star the light's reproachful beams
Flashed o'er the waters. Foiled and panic-struck;
They rose together with a sudden start,
And gruffly bade the keeper to depart.

Soon o'er the waves the little boat he steers,
Its white sail gleaming in that grateful light;
And now the strong man's eyes are full of tears,
To see afar that face so wan and white,
Peering through darkness from the slippery rocks,
The night-dews falling on her flaxen locks.

Glad was the daughter when her father came;
Proud was the father as he kissed his child;
But when he asked, with blush of bashful shame,
If her young feet the Bible had defiled,
"No, no," he said; "there never is abuse,
When sacred things are put to noble use."

And so he soothed her till her thoughts grew calm
And brought the Bible when she was in bed
And read the glowing language of a psalm,
Until her heart grew warm and comforted;
And, listening to the roaring of the deep,
The little lighthouse-keeper fell asleep.

—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

A GOLD DIGGER'S ADVENTURE.

In the year 1858 I was one of a party of six miners who were engaged in digging for gold in the gully known by the euphonious title of Peg Leg, in Her Majesty's Colony of Victoria, a Province of that third continent, Australia. Our "claim" was pretty well worked out and two of our men were out each day prospecting for new ground; but nothing payable could we strike, and we were getting tired of working for food only, which was about all our claim had given us for several weeks, though it had paid well at first, and we were by no means "hard up." One evening as we sat around our fire, smoking and talking of our homes, and of big "finds" of gold, one of the two who had been prospecting that day spoke up: "Come, boys, let's get out o' this. Peg Leg's played out. I'm going to make a move for Black Jack's to-morrow morning. Who says go?"

The proposition was duly discussed, and resulted in our striking our tent the next morning, shouldering our "swags" (the diggers' term for anything a man carries on his back), and all hands started across the country to Black Jack's, under the guidance of the mover of the expedition and a compass. Nothing occurred on the tramp worth mentioning, and the second day after leaving Peg Leg, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, we sat down to have a rest and a smoke.

We were quite near the workings on Black Jack's, and had passed a number of "prospecting holes" within the last mile or two, but as yet had met no parties at work, nor seen any indications of men having been actually engaged in washing out gold.

"This is a likely looking place," said one of our number; "let's open a hole here somewhere."

"Oh," answered another, "It's no use prospecting to-day; we may as well go in among the shops. Jack, here, knows all the store-keepers, and perhaps some of them may lay us on some payable ground."

So it was decided to keep on for the stores without stopping to prospect. Shouldering our swag, we again started on, expecting shortly to reach the township, which Jack assured us was not far off; but our leader suddenly stopped, looked keenly at our feet for a moment, and then asked, "Do you see any pegs around here, boys?"

No stakes (or pegs to mark the boundary of a claim) could we see, and so he was told.

"But why do you ask that?" said another.

"Look here," said the first speaker; "somebody has been prospecting here, and they've struck it heavy (meaning that rich gold had been discovered); they've gone for their mates most likely, or perhaps for an extended claim. Right where I'm standing is where they put down the hole. You can see where they threw out the dirt on that side. Now, they never put that dirt back so carefully, and scattered these leaves and ferns over it to hide it, for nothing. So here goes to see what they got for a prospect. Peg out six men's ground, boys; and I'm going to dig at once."

And suiting the action to the word, he threw down his swag and commenced to shovel out the gravel from the filled-up hold.

We pegged out a claim, and then gathered about the hole. As our mate threw out the loose dirt it became evident that the hole had been recently filled up, for blades of grass and tree leaves, thrown out from a depth of several feet below the surface, were as fresh and green as those still growing in the vicinity.

"Tell you what, boys," said the worker as he rested on his shovel, for a moment, "this hole was sunk this morning. Won't the chaps look when they find us in it? But I'd have thought they'd have pegged out their claim, any way. But they didn't expect anybody to find it."

"Get out of that hole and take a smoke," said Jack; "let me have a go at that shovel."

"Hold on a bit," was the answer; I'll go down a foot or two yet, and then you can have a chance. We shan't have to sink very deep here, not more'n ten or twelve feet. But what the deuce is that?"

His shovel had struck a piece of wood and, scraping off the loose dirt, he disclosed what we at once knew to be the handle of a pickax.

"That's a pick-handle," said he, replying to his own question. "What's it doing here? By jingo, fellers, they must have got on something good, when they've buried their tools in the hole; we're in luck this time, boys."

As he had by this time uncovered the handle and one point of the pickax, he laid his shovel out of the hole and took hold of the buried tool to remove it out of his way, but it did not come easily."

"It's fast, some way," said he, taking hold of it with both hands, and giving a heavy jerk, which brought it up. "I got you," said he, apostrophizing the pickax. "Here, take this up out of the way, some of you," at the same time holding its handle up to us who were on the surface.

His face suddenly changed its hopeful expression for one of perplexity and distrust, as he looked first at his hand and then at the pick; then he climbed hurridly out of the hole.

"What's the matter?" asked we, in chorus.

"*Something's* the matter—I don't know what. Look here!" at the same time extending his hand, on which appeared to be stains of grease and blood. "What's that? That's blood, I belive; I got it off that pick; and the chisel point of it, the one that was stuck down in the hole, is *warm.* There's something wrong, boys—there's something here that won't bear the light. But keep your eyes lifting; I'm going to see into that hole again to see what is there."

We "kept our eyes lifting," looking suspiciously through the trees and bushes, and our mate again descended into the hole and recommenced throwing out the dirt. In a few moments he ceased shoveling, stood his shovel up in the corner of the hole, and, stooping down, scraped away the gravel with his hands.

"Look here, mates!" said he turning up a white face to us, "There's been murder here, and no mistake! See this!"

There was a man's body in the hole, and our mate had uncovered the upper part of his head, revealing a frightful wound, evidently made by the pickax, which must have been driven in his skull fairly up to the handle. His hair, and the sands nearest his head, were still wet with blood; and, placing his hand on the horror which he had uncovered, our man continued: "And he's warm yet, mates; the murderer was not gone long when we came here." Then, suddenly rising, he reached up his hand, saying: "Give us a hand up out of this boys; I feel sick."

We gathered in a group and discussed the matter. That we had discovered the corpse of a man, and a murdered man, we did not question; who he was, who had slain him, or why the deed had been done, we did not know, or what we had best do.

At last we decided that it was of no use for us to try to unearth the corpse, but that three of our numbers should remain at the hole, and the other three try to find the township of Black Jack, where we should be pretty sure to find at least one police officer.

I was one of those that remained at the hole, and as soon as our companions had left we spread a sheet over the dead man's head, threw in some dirt again, to cover the horrid object from sight, and then sat down to wait with what patience we might for the return of our mates.

About the middle of the afternoon they got back accompanied by a uniformed officer and a detective in plain clothes. They had said nothing of their errand to any one until they found the officers, who had cautioned them to a similar discretion until they (the officers) were ready to accompany them on their return, which was about an hour; so that our party, now increased to eight in number, were the only ones who knew of the discovery of the body.

As soon as they arrived we commenced digging up the corpse, the officers narrowly watching and noting everything. As we cleared away the sand and gravel it became plain that the man had been struck while engaged in digging, for his hands still held a short-handled shovel. He had been struck on the head with a pick by some one standing on the surface, and the dirt he had thrown out had been filled in on top of him again. He had dug his own grave! We lifted him out and laid him on the grass.

The officers looked at each other as soon as they saw the man's features, and the detective observed to the other, "Tim Riley, by Jove! and I had a drink of coffee from his tent this morning; he told me was going out to prospect today. See if his watch and money are gone. He carried his old silver bull's-eye that Jake Wilson raffled off Sunday before last;—Tim won it, and he carried that and his money in a chamois-leather bag in his shirt-jacket. See if it's gone."

Neither money nor bull's-eye watch could be found; poor Tim had been murdered for his money and the old watch.

Two poles and a blanket made a rude bier to transport the body to the township, and leaving the other officer with us. As soon as it was dark he returned, and, handing something to the uninformed policeman, he said: "Do you know that?"

"Tim's old bull's-eye! Where did it come from?" replied the other.

"Bought it of Big Hans, Tim's mate. Jenkins is watching him. He's been drinking all the afternoon; he'll be locked up by the time we get in. But come on boys, if you're ready; you'll get some grub when we get to camp, and a good place to sleep."

Our ghastly burden was soon deposited in the camp, and a good supper and good beds were furnished by the police, though I had but a poor night's sleep myself. Big Hans, Riley's mate, had been locked up before we arrived, by the vigilant Jenkens, who handed the detective a leathern bag he had found on Hans' person, which contained seventeen shillings and was marked with Riley's initials, "T. R.," rudely worked with common black thread.

"We've got him; he's safe to swing for it," remarked the detective, as he finished examining the bag. "This was Tim's."

During the night the body was placed in an upright position in one corner of the room in which we were sleeping, and secured there by a cord passed under the arms and around a stake driven into the ground for the purpose, there being no boards for a floor; a clean blue shirt was put on in place of the blood-stained one, which was removed; the face washed, and a hat put on the head of the corpse, a blanket was then hung up as a screen, and all was ready to give Big Hans a fearful surprise, in hope to secure a confession from him through terror.

At daylight the police threw out some hints to various parties of diggers on their way to work, about the arrest of a whole party of new arrivals for some great crime; the news spread like wildfire, and a curious crowd was soon collected around the camp. Our party were all up early, but we were kept inside by the police, who did not wish the miners outside to hear of Riley's murder till they had seen what effect a view of the corpse would have on the suspected murderer; but they were not long kept waiting.

Big Hans woke from his drunken sleep, thirsty, and begged for a drop of whisky. One of the officers gave him some in a tin dipper, at the same time remarking, "You didn't seem to sleep very well, Hans. What was that you were talking about in your sleep? Have you and Tim Riley been having a growl?"

If Hans had not been quick in drinking his whisky he would have lost it, for the pannikin dropped from his hand, and he trembled like a leaf as he gasped out: "What did I say? I haven't had any growl with Tim?"

"Oh, I don't know what you said," returned the officer, "but you talked about Tim, that's all. But come, get out of this, you're sober enough now to take care of yourself. Go out to Mr. Nicholson (the detective) and get your money."

Hans came out, pale and still shaking, and approached the detective, who was standing near the screen. As he came up, the officer suddenly demanded, sternly, "Big Hans, where is your mate, Tim Riley?"

The guilty wretch glanced at him like a maniac, but made no answer, when the officer suddenly dropped the blanket, and exposed to his sight the awful spectacle of the murdered man standing before him.

The experiment did not have exactly the effect expected. Hans seemed to be more astonished than horror-struck, and looked at the officer and his murdered mate like one stupefied; then, turning, he walked into the inner room, where he had been confined during the night, and fell down in a fit.

The dead man was laid out on a rude pallet in the center of the camp, and the miners (having first been informed of the murder, and that our party had been the ones to discover, not to commit it) were admitted.

My story is about told. On coming to his senses, Hans had confessed the whole. He said that he had no thought of harming Tim until he was down in the hole; the unfortunate man, finding that his money bag, which contained his watch, incommoded him while digging, had handed it up to Hans to take care of; and the paltry sum it contained—less than three pounds sterling, including the price he received for the watch from the detective—was the only motive he had for committing the crime, His victim had fallen without a struggle on receiving the blow from the pickaxe, and Hans had filled in the earth around him as he fell, half supported by his shovel and the side of the hole.

Tim was buried that day, and the consumption of large quantities of "diggins brandy," and perhaps fifty fights, marked the feelings of the miners toward him, and their detestation of the murderer. Hans was carefully guarded till the next day, when he started down toward Melbourne in charge of one officer and our party of six as a hired escort sworn in as special constables for the occasion; but in crossing a small branch of the Tarra River, on a log foot-bridge, the murderer suddenly freed himself from the hold of the officer, who was steadying him over, and plunged into a river, then swollen to a torrent. We could do nothing to save him. He was drowned, and thus saved from the gallows.—*N. Y. Star.*

Not That Kind of Frog.

The duchess of D——, one of the most aristocratic ladies of the noble faubourg, became possessed of the idea that she had swallowed a frog. She declared she felt it on her chest, and its presence inside robbed her of peace, sleep and health. Parisian authorities had the impudence to deny the existence of this animal. An old lady who sold herb tea gave it out at length that she knew of a young doctor who was certainly wiser than the best Parisian authorities, and she did not care if it was a frog or a crocodile, he would kill whatever it was in anyone. The young man was sent for, and the duchess told him her tale of woe. Far from appearing astonished, Dr. C—— felt the patient's pulse, and, after a well feigned pause, said, "Madame, there is a frog, but I will remove it." He then prescribed an innocent emetic and went to the nearest flower shop, where he bought a pretty green frog and returned to the duchess. The emetic was commencing to take effect, and, as the duchess' eyes were filled with tears, the doctor took advantage of this to slip his green confederate into the basin. Seeing the frog, the duchess declared an immense load removed from her chest, and for an instant all seemed well; but a moment later she turned pale and cried:

"Ah, Monsieur, I am not yet cured! I feel the little ones, which the frog has left behind her."

"Stop!" cried Dr. C——, without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be seen in his manner, "we shall soon see." He then threw a searching glance upon the frog and uttered with a look of certainty that settled the whole question, "Madame, the existence of little ones is an impossibility, for the frog is a male." This cure is as authentic as the deserved fame of Dr. Cabarus.

Poor Girls.—The goorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable women on earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor and the poor rich. Still to labor is no disadvantage to the rich and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-da patients must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative.

An exchange wants to know how the Turks happened to learn to fight so well. Why, man, most of the Turkish officers have over half a dozen wives.—[Turner's Falls Reporter.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A head organ—the eye.

Companions in arms—Twins.

The nation's tear—the frontier.

Nobody's child—The self-made man.

Joining the Shakers—Getting the ague.

The worst bank to be wrecked on is one of the savings variety.

An Ohio man is the author of that beautiful ballad, "What is home without an office?"

"It does seem to me, Missus, as if you wants to have your way all the time!"

A parrot is said to live to be 200 years old. A barber does not live so long, but he talks more.

A fowl-fancier calls his roosters "the flower of the flock," because, he says, they are crow-cusses.

"A kind word spoken to a husband will go further than a broomstick or a flirtation," says a woman of experience.

"John what is the chief branch of education in your school?" "Willow branch, sir; master's used up nearlg a whole tree."

General Grant wouldn't go behind the scenes at the Grand Opera House, Paris, although invited by the director. Send for Sherman.

Burglars now force fine powder into safes with air-pumps. No lock will be perfectly secure until a man can put the keyhole in his pocket.

Mr. Keeley's creditiors are exerting a pressure on him of several tons to the square inch. He says even the motor would "bust" under it.

The *Hawkeye* thinks "the great objection to codfish is its 'foreign accent.' What does it mean by ac?" The rest is plain enough.—*Graphic.*

The sizzle of frying doughnuts can be heard by telephone at a considerable distance. Another machine is to be perfected to transmit the smell.

Why is paper money more valuable than gold? When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out find it still in creases.

"Ants have their slaves," writes a naturalist. Yes, and we know some young men about town who are pretty extensively mortgaged to their "uncles."

"The mouth of the Amazon," said a professor of geography in a St. Louis seminary, "is the largest mouth in the world—present company always excepted."

A French lady recently found a one-thousand franc note in an old chignon, and now a great many people are scratching their heads to see what they can find.

The gentleman who put his hand into another gentleman's pocket and withdrew the other gentleman's purse, pleaded that he was overcome by his feelings.

If you go on an excursion and the seats are all taken, stand up as long as you can and then cry out, "Man overboard!" Every woman will rush for the rail."

The average marriage fee at Grace Church, New York, is $200. Poor young men go elsewhere. There are some ministers who will take fifty cents.

"What's the name of yout cat, Henry?' inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz William.

What next! Before the war the fashionable styles in ladies' dresses reminded us of an umbrella hoisted. Now they remind us of an umbrella let down and buttoned.

The expression with which a bull-dog chews on the exposed extremity of a small boy, caught in the act of escaping from an orchard, is a model of tranquil satisfaction.

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal: "I hope, my lord if ever you come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

"What is the age of your little boy?" inquired a venerable gentleman of the mother of an impertinent youngster. "The sauce age, of course," replied the mother. The sage saw it.

A fashionable lady recently went into a Broadway store for a pair of gold-sprinkled stockings. When she saw them she said they were so high priced that she would take only one.

"Silence in the court!" thundered a Kentucky judge the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the Court's having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

We believe the most pressing want of woman at the present time is a portable derrick which will enable her to pick up her trail without corkscrewing her body down through her skirt.—*Globe-Democrat.*

A man kissed his wife through mistake the other day, and for a time the sad affair threatened a rupture of domestic amity. But that was because, in his apology, he explained that he thought it was the hired girl.

At the recent baby show in Boston the nearest approach to the line between babyhood and nothingness was exemplified in an infant which weighed only a pound and a half. This infantile prodigy was exhibited by a South Acton mother, and when it squalls she has to spank it with a tack hammer.

The constable appeared at the door of the office of the justice of the peace. He looked up and down the street. Not a white man was in sight—nobody but an old Chinaman, driving before him a donkey loaded with wood. "U. C. Smith! U. C. Smith! U. C. Smith!" roared the constable. "Me no see um," said John, halting and facing about.

One of the great features in secret orders is the number of capital letters required for initials to represent their names or the titles of their officers; but a Washington society lays over them all in this regard, its name being, "The Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters of Moses of the United States and World at Large."

The Ruling Passion.—She was ironing when her sister came in with the news that an uncle was dead. "Dead!" she gasped, nearly dropping the iron from her hand. Her face was very pale as was that of her sister as they both stood there looking at each other with that awe-struck expression which death leaves upon the faces of the living. "Dead!" she repeated, in a faltering voice. "It dosen't seem possible. It is so sudden, so unexpected, so dreadful that I can scarcely realize it. What are you going to wear?"—*Danbury News.*

An Irish Wake.

Tim Scanlan, while he lived, was only a laboring man; but he was well liked in the country; and it was expected that his funeral would be an unusually large gathering. Crowds flocked to the wake, and a great provision of tea, whisky, pipes and tobacco had been made. The widow occupied her post of honor at the head of the coffin, and displayed a fair show of grief, joining in with vociferous weeping whenever the "keening" was led by the older women. She was young enough to have been the dead man's daughter, having come to his house a "slip" of a servant-girl, whom he had married and ruled over very masterfully.

As the night wore on, whisky began to tell on those outside the room where the corpse lay. The noise increased and soon apparently became loud enough to "wake the dead," as the saying is; for to the consternation and amazement of every one present, the defunct after a deep sigh and sundry groans, opened his eyes and struggled up into a sitting posture. When the startled company had recovered from the shock, poor Tim was lifted out of the coffin; whisky was liberally poured down his throat; and well wrapped up in blankets and seated in the big chair by the fire, he gradually revived from the trance or stupor that had been mistaken for death. The last of the guests had departed from the cabin, and Tim still propped up before the fire, was left to the care of his wife. Instead of coming near him, however, she slunk off, cringing timidly away into a dark corner behind his chair, whence she directed frightened glances at her resuscitated spouse.

"Mary!" said the man in a stern voice.

No answer.

"Are you there?" peering round, his face quivering with anger and weakness.

"Yes, Tim, I'm here," faltered Mary, without stirring.

"Bring me my stick."

"Ah, no, Tim, no! Sure you never rose yer hand to me yet! And 'tisn't now, when you're all as one as come back from the dead, that"—

"Bring me my stick."

The stick was brought, and down on her knees beside the big chair, flop ped the cowering wife.

"Well you know what you desarve, Well you know, you young thief o' the world! that if I was to take and beat you this blessed minute as black as a mourning-coach, 'twould be only sarving you right, after the mean, dirty, shameful turn you've done me!"

"It would, it would!" sobbed the girl.

"Look here!" gasped Tim, opening his breast and showing an old tattered shirt. "Look at them rags! Look at what you dressed up my poor corpse in; shaming me before all the dacent neighbors at the wake! An' you knowing as well as I did about the elegant brand-new shirt, I'd bought o' purpose for my berrin; a shirt I wouldn't have put on my living back—no, not if I had gone naked in my skin! You knew I had it there in the chest laid up; and you grudged it to my unfortunate carcass, when I couldn't spake up for myself!"

"O, Tim, darlin', forgive me!" cried Mary. "Forgive me this once, and on my two knees I promise never, never to do the likes again! I don't know what came over me at all. Sure, I think, the devil—Lord save us! must have been at my elbow, when I went to get out the shirt, tempting me and whispering that it was a pity and a sin to put good linen like that into clay. Oh, how could I do it at all?"

"Now, harken to me, Mary," and Tim raised the stick and laid it on her shoulder. She knew he wouldn't beat her even if he could with his trembling hands; but she pretended to wince and cower away. "Mind what I say. As sure as you do me the like turn again, and go for to dress me in those undacent rags, I tell you what I'll do—I'll *walk.*"

"O don't, Tim, don't!" shrieked Mary, as pale as ashes. "Murther me now, if it's plazing to you, or do anything to me you like, but for the love of the blessed Vargin, and all the Saints, keep in yer grave! I'll put the new shirt on you; my two hands 'll starch it and make it up as white as snow, after lying by so long in the old chest. Yer corpse will look lovely, niver fear. And I'll give you the grandest wake that iver man had, even if I had to sell the pig, and part with every stick in the cabin to buy the tay and the whisky. I swear to you I will, darlin'. There's my hand on it this blessed night!"

"Well, mind you do, or 'twill be worse for you. And now give me a drop of water to drink; and put a taste of spirits through it; for I'm like to faint with thirst and weakness.

Mary kept her promise; for such a wake was never remembered as Tim Scanlan's, when, soon after, the poor man really did depart his life. And the "get up" of the "elegant brand-new-shirt" in wich the corpse was arrayed, was the admiration of all beholders.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Telegraphing Without Wires.—Prof. Loomis of Washington, who has devoted his life to demonstrating the practicability of his theory of aerial telegraphing, seems to be on the eve of success. His system is based on a current of electricity which he has demonstrated exists at different heights and which transmits communication between two perpendicular wires reaching into it, whatever the distance may be. He has already sent messages in this way for a distance of eleven miles, using the Morse battery in connection with one of his own invention. It seems assured that aerial telegraphing by means of rods on natural or artificial eminences can be successfully practiced at all times, though its great value will be in long distance telegraphing, as from one side of the ocean to the other. Prof. Loomis is now making arrangements for a series of experiments between the Alps and the Rocky mountains. If he succeeds of course telegraphing between the old world and the new will be cheapened a thousand fold, and Prof. Loomis is thoroughly convinced that before many years sub-marine cables will be lying abandoned and useless in their ocean beds.

"Never, no, never marry for money!" gravely remarked the pastor to the youth. "Pa!" called out a youngster just then from behind the study-door, "what do you marry for if 'taint for money—two dollars, anyway, and may be more if the feller's rich?" The minister got round answering the question by leading the boy out by the scalp-lock.

Scenes in Pompeii.

Passing along these eloquent streets we read their names painted or engraved on the corners, and signs still remain over the shops and the names of the occupants appear at the doors of their dwellings, and, stranger still, appears (in the nature of our placards) painted in red letters on the walls, exhorting the people to vote for particular candidates for Quæstor or Ædile. The public baths remained in such perfect condition that it would require but a small expenditure to place them in readiness for use. Plumbing seems to have been perfectly understood; water-pipes of lead appear in great abundance in all houses, twisting around inside the casing of every room, with brass turn-cocks and faucets in excellent condition, showing a profuse use of the fluid for public and domestic purposes, a sure sign of an advanced civilization. We visited the house uncovered for the Emperor of Brazil a few days before, the colors of the walls all bright, fresh and glowing, as are the well-drawn figures of the zebra, elephant, boa-constrictor, ibex, etc., which decorates them. Here, as they removed the ashes from the courtyard, were found two vases of silver, one of bronze, several silver spoons and other utensils of the same valuable material. The whole street and quarter in the vicinity of this house has been uncovered within the last three months. In the windows of many of the houses glass panes were found and abundance of vases and goblets of crystal.

To the little museum at the entrance to the ruins, with its sadly suggestive collection of skeletons, or rather of ashes, encrusted bodies, the gigantic slave, overtaken by destruction while plundering his master's abandoned treasures, with the purse pressed tightly against his chest; the mother and daughter side by side, the maternal arm pressing the child to her bosom to shelter her from the penetrating, suffocating shower; the beauty whose luxuriant tresses are still twined around her head in graceful folds, while the skeleton finger yet bears the ring with its precious jewel, which was doubtless its fair owner's pride and delight; the soldier who had half arrayed himself in his armor when that foe overtook him against whom armor was no avail; has been recently added a new skeleton or figure discovered last year at the entrance of one of the doors of the "House of the Chase," so called; a perfectly shaped figure of a full-grown woman of comely and well-rounded form, with hair gathered behind and bound on the back of the head in a graceful knot. It lies in the museum as it was found in the house, prone on the face, with the lower limbs slightly contracted and raised from the knees downward, as if in agony, the dress drawn up above the waist, as if it was being gathered around the head, a heavy scarf crossed the breasts, the head resting on the arms, and the palm of the hand spread over the face to shield it from the blinding cloud of ashes; exactly in the position and attitude in which she perished on that fatal August day, A.D. 79. Another recent discovery is the skeleton of a dog, doubled up quite in a circle, and biting himself fiercely in his dead agony. And yet another is that of a figure of a large stalwart man, with remarkably preserved and distinct features, having really an expression to them, lying on his back, with legs and arms strongly contracted, awfully expressive of a terrific convulsion at the last moment of life. It is touching to see how almost all the figures are lying on the face, with hands and arms spread over it, in desperate but unavailing struggle to prolong existence—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Duplessis gives a remarkable instance of the transmission of disease from one crop to another by the agency of floods. He says that of a field of rye on the banks of the Loire, one half was attacked with the disease known as ergot or smut, while the other half was entirely free from all traces of disease. The precious crop had been one of vetches, in which this disease has never been known to occur, so that the occurences could not be traced to that score; nor were there any other fields of rye near. It was noticed that the line of demarcation between the healthy and unhealthy parts of the field was just the limit reached by an overflow of the river. Some distance from this field was another crop of rye, which had been attacked with ergot in the previous year. The inference is that the germs of the disease were brought down by the waters of the Loire from the infected field, which they overflow, to the lower field, which was also flooded in part. It is well known that disease to which human beings and animals are liable, such as typhoid fever and cholera, may be conveyed from one district to another by running water, and even more frequent injury to crops and cattle is occasioned by floods in mining and manufacturing districts. Large tracts of land are at this moment lying waste and worthless through the effects of poisonous refuse brought down from mines and factories, and carried by floods over fields on the banks of the stream, which have thereby been poisoned. All traces of vegetation have been destroyed, cattle and birds have been poisoned, by feeding on ground newly flooded in this way.—*London Country.*

An Old Style of Scales.—"Reckon that air scales of yourn is an Ambush scales, ain't it?" said a countryman to his grocer as he took the sugar and handed over the money. "Ambush scales, what do you mean?" replied the merchant: who's Ambush?" "Ambush—why, y' know—reg'lar Ambush—y' understand what 'Ambush' means, don't ye?" "Wall, I should hope so, Mr. Woodruff—Ambush means hid—means somethin' concealed — means — wait, here's the dictionary; I'll just read to yer exactly what it means, so's't you needn't never use it wrong after this—here 'tis—A—am—ambush—to lie in wait for—" "Yis, that's it, squire; don't go no further—to lie in weight for two cents!"—*Graphic.*

Strange Effect of Sea-air.—Mrs. Jones: Dear me, Mr. Brown, I thought you were at the sea-side with Mrs. Brown and the children! How are they? Brown (who had evidently been lunching at his club): Fam'lyshwell, bur ah dnrro wharitish, theresh somethin' i' the she air doshilt sheem to shuit me!—allays feel ourashortsh af'er dinner—p'raps fish diet—p'rapsh—durro!—[Mrs. J. had by this time discovered his condition, and makes off hastily.]—*Punch.*

The inventor of the telephone has recently been married, and will probably name his first boy William Tell E. Phone.

Gladstone at the Tomb of Emmett.

He spent the day in the docks, the Courts and in visiting St. Michau's Church—a place full of historical interest. On the vestry table lie two casts of the heads of the brothers Shearers, two men hanged and beheaded in the rebellion of 1798. Such are the properties of the soil in the cemetery that the bodies of these men are as perfect as the day on which they were hanged. The church itself is 800 years old, having been built by a Dutch Bishop, during the ascendency of his race. Mr. Gladstone examined the communion plate, some of which came out of the spoils of the Spanish Armada. But these were light trivialities; the grave of Robert Emmett is here. "Let no man mark my tomb," said he "until my country takes her place among the Nations of the earth." Mr. Gladstone stood beside the rough granite, unchiseled, unlettered, silent slab. No name, no date, no word of sorrow, of hope! The sides are chipped and hacked, for emigrants have come from far to take to their home in the New World bits of the tomb of Robert Emmett. How he comes to lie here is simply said. When his head was cut off in Thomas street, his body was taken to Bully's Acre—what a name!—and buried. Rev. Mr. Dobbyn, a sympathizer in the cause, was then rector of St. Michau's. He ordered the body to be disinterred that night, and he placed it secretly in St. Michau's churchyard. A nephew of Emmett, a New York judge, corroborating this statement a few years since. But Emmett is not the only rebel that lies here in peace. Oliver Bond sleeps here, with "God's noblest work, an honest man," written on his tombstone. Here, too, is the grave of the hero, William Jackson, who was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. While the Judge was still pronouncing the awful doom, the man grew faint, and in a few minutes fell down dead. He had swallowed poison on hearing the verdict of the jury. In this vault, over which Mr. Gladstone peers anxiously, you can see a group of heads, all of 1798 men; and there, on one of them—there is the hangman's crape as it has stuck in the wounded neck since the day on which it and its owner parted company. Mr. Gladstone is silent as he sees all this, and at last turns mournfully away. Is there ever a tragedy in which the clown is wholly absent? As he steps over the graves up comes drunken Paddy and cries out, "Ah, Mr. Gladstone, will you take the duty off whisky?" Upon which he of Hawarden Castle turns him round and says slowly, "My friend, the duty does not seem to stand in your way."—*Dublin Corr. New York Times.*

Cobbett's Curious Career.

Over eighty years ago, according to the London *Telegraph*, a sergeant in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's regiment of foot, white stationed in British North America, happened to pass the hut of a non-commissioned officer of artillery and was struck by the sight of a young English lass, the artilleryman's daughter, whose rosy and pretty face was bent low over the wash tub. The thought at once struck him that she was the girl he wanted for a wife, and he shaped his campaign accordingly with the most satisfactory results. But the battery to which her father belonged was ordered elsewhere, and her lover at parting gave her a bag of golden guineas, telling her, to spend what she needed and keep the rest for two years, when he would make her his wife. At the end of two years they met as agreed, but instead of being leaner the bag of gold had received accumulations from the thrift and industry of the faithful young woman. They were married of course, lived happily, and had a great many children. This young sergeant was afterwards the famous William Cobbett, editor of the Political Register and member of Parliament for Oldham. This in itself might be an old story, for William Cobbett has been dead for close on forty-five years, but one of his daughters died in London a few days since at the advanced age of eighty-two. She was born in Philadelphia in 1795, where her father was then selling books. Throughout her father's long and incessantly active public career Miss Cobbett was the custodian of his papers and his chief assistance as an amenuensis, and a large part of his most stirring compositions went to press in her hand writing, and her hand directed the lightnings that were sent forth against Ministers and members of Parliament. By relationship and association she was an interesting character, and by her death another living link has been lost from the chain of history.

Need for Scientific Men in the Industries.—In the course of a recent lecture at Philadelphia, Mr. W. H. Wahl, one of the editors of the *Polytechnic Review*, spoke as follows: We need, imperatively, the educated skill of scientific workmen in every department of technology, men who can rationally direct the tillage of our countless acres of productive soil, and the rational utilization and cultivation of our forests, that the ignorant impoverishment of the former and the improvident and criminal destruction of the latter, may not, despite the exuberence of Nature's bounty to this, the richest of her continents, cover her face with the wide-spread desolation that has converted so many of the fairest garden spots of Asia and Europe into arid deserts; men who can direct us how to tap, with the magic wand of science. the rocky ribs of our hillsides and mountains, and force them to disgorge their hidden treasures; we need designers and constructors, who shall supply to skilled laborers, in other fields of industry, the tools, implements and machinery which will multiply their productive power a hundred-thousand fold, so that the products of multifarious industries shall be placed within the reach of the humblest and poorest of us. But above all, the preeminent merit of a widely disseminated scientific training will be to inspire men who comprehend what science has done for civilization, through patient, faithful, unflagging and unselfish labor and study, with a genuine enthusiasm for the pursuit of truth for the truth's sake, with a keen conviction of the dignity of labor, with a thorough hatred of sham and pretense, and keen pleasure in the consciousness of work well done.

Lack of Appetite and Acidity of Stomach.—Use lime water to correct acidity of the stomach, and the following tonic bitters: Gentian-root, two ounces; dried orange-peel, one ounce; cardamon seed, half an ounce—all to be bruised, and the same to be placed in a quart of whisky or diluted alcohol; let it stand for two weeks; dose, one or two tablespoonfuls in water two or three times a day. This is good for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and general weakness or debility.—Carlos.

Weekly Compendium of News.

Gen. Grant is at Naples.

Greece will remain peaceful.

Gen. Frisbie is coming home.

Grant visited Mount Vesuvius.

Pacheco will not go to Havana.

Russia is now master over Bulgaria.

Watsonville is to have water-works.

Jacob Garw, a noted impressario, is dead.

Germany is now having a ministerial crisis.

Tennessee is trying to compromise her debt.

General Ord has returned to the Texan border.

The prospect now for the Silver bill is not so good.

Marysville has over thirty bearing orange trees.

San Francisco had an old-fashioned rain last Sunday.

There are 1,772 pupils in the colored schools of Mobile.

Hay is selling for twenty-five dollars a ton in San Diego.

The business outlook of the country still not encouraging.

President and Cabinet have just paid a visit to New York.

Sitting Bull is reported to be returning on the war path.

The officers of the ship were to blame for the Huron disaster.

Wade Hampton will shortly marry a rich California widow.

Omaha held a mass meeting in favor of silver remonetization.

General business at San Francisco very dull and languishing.

There is a crusade against dancing in Baltimore social circles.

Eighty-five French Prefectoral changes have been gazetted.

Considerable rain in the Southern part of the State last week.

The British Government will ask Parliament to increase the navy.

The fair in aid of the Old South Church, Boston realized $40,000.

The Porte has appealed to the great powers to intervene for peace.

The Morganetic wife of the King of Italy, Countess Rosine, is dead.

Horse theives have been operating recently at Oroville, Butte county.

Joyce, the convicted whisky fraud, has been pardoned by the President.

A white marble quarry is to be worked at the mouth of the Skeena river.

A New York banker will give greenbacks for three dollars on even change.

James Ballantine, of Edinburg, the well-known author, died last week.

The new French Cabinet gives entire satisfaction to the majority in France.

It is reported that it has been necessary to amputate Osman Pasha's foot.

Los Angeles has got a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Petaluma creek is shoaling rapidly and in threatens to become unnavigable.

Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald has been elected Chaplain of the California Legislature.

Austria will maintain its neutrality and prevent Servia from invading Bosnia.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, at his own request, was buried in his Confederate uniform.

Ex-Minister Washburne is also in the lecture field. Subject, "The Seige of Paris."

The French Senate have voted four direct taxes and two-twelfths of the budget.

No international treaty is expected with Mexico by the authorities at Washington.

The Murphy Gospel Temperance movement is creating quite a stir in San Francisco.

Stanislaus county has never yet had an official that proved a defaulter in office.

In 1797 the British Government was supporting 5,000 clerical and 2,950 lay emigres.

Gold-bearing quartz is reported to have been discovered at Goldstream, near Victoria.

A mass meeting in favor of the remonetizing of silver was called in Chicago last week.

The *Pajaronian* speaks in a cheerful mood of the prospects of the town of Watsonville.

Gov. Tilden and Henry Ward Beecher are expected to visit San Francisco next month.

The President signed the bill for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the Huron.

The Senate confirmed Henry L. Dodge to be Superintendent of the San Francisco Mint.

J. F. Speed, once Mr. Lincoln's Attorney-General, is lecturing on "Abraham Lincoln."

Theodore Tilton and wife are preparing to go to housekeeping again soon in New York city.

Esquimalt harbor is represented to be teeming with herring, mackerel, whiting and rockcod.

Senators Conkling and Gordon had a tiff and their friends arranged the *amende honorable*.

Five hundred cotton operatives have struck at Macclesfield, England, against a reduction of wages.

A Camel race is to be run in Sutro, Nevada, which will be followed by a five mile race against horses.

Osman Pasha has been honored and complimented by the Russians for his defence of Plevna.

Nathaniel Greene, Postmaster of Boston from 1820 to 1871, died in Boston, Thursday, aged 80.

Last week the rain on the Colorado Desert was so violent that fifty miles of track was washed away.

St. Louis is forming a company to open up trade between the Mississippi valley and South America.

It is said that the Government owes importers and others over $1,000,000 for duties illegally collected.

George McDonald, the novelist has been awarded a pension of £500 a year on the British civil list.

Kearney, the labor agitator, orated in Los Angeles lately. He is on a tour throughout the State.

Bem Holliday's only living daughter, Baroness de Bussier, is lying at the point of death in New York.

The Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition has been closed on Sunday, after a brief trial of the other way.

The Stanislaus *News* sees no cause for alarm even if we do not get any more rain until after Christmas.

Amelia, the favorite "wife" of Brigham Young, intends to return to her old home in Peoria to live.

Congressman Luttrell has now the privilege of another appointment from his district to West Point.

The Kearny labor movement has made the San Francisco bankers very timid. Capital will take no risks.

The British Expeditionary force upon the predating Naga tribes have occupied their principal villages.

J. C. Duncan, the absconding banker from San Francisco, is reported arrested at Coldwater, Michigan.

Deer are reported to have been increasing in numbers in Sonoma county during the past two or three years.

Mrs. Woodhull is advertising her first lectures in London, to be given next month at St. James Hall.

The United States Treasury now holds bonds aggregating $359,681,550 deposited as security by national banks.

San Francisco is to have a baby show, beginning on the 14th of next January. $1,000 is offered in premiums.

The Legislature has passed a bill making street car fares only five cents in all cities of 100,000 population.

Garfield is nominated at odd intervals by hitherto unheard of country weeklies for the Presidency in 1880.

Jules Ferry, the French Republican leader, is said to be threatened with insanity from the excessive use of hair dye.

Prince Ibrahim Helmy, son of the Khedive of Egypt, is in London studying for the entrance examination to Woolwich.

Cadet Prowl, from the Third California Congressional District, has been dismissed from West Point Academy.

An abattoir is to be established at Truckee for the slaughtering of Nevada cattle intended for the San Francisco market.

The President has recognized William Cornelius Barliaan De Fremery as Vice-Consul of the Netherlands at San Francisco.

Emigration to Minnesota this year is larger that it has been in over twenty years, and there was never such a demand for land.

The British Government invites proposals to furnish 300,000 army shoes. This is the largest order known since the Crimean war.

Matthews intends to force a vote on his resolution before the holiday recesses, and is confident the silver men will stand by him.

Two shocks of earthquake were felt at Beachburgh, Ontario, last week, the first between five and six o'clock; the latter was most severe.

Osman Pasha sent telegraphic reports to the Porte, stating that he held Plevna without reinforcements or provisions as long as possible.

John Jones and James McClerdere, both colored, were hanged for murder last week, one in New Orleans and the other in Marinna, Ark.

The Russian River *Flag* of the 13th says: The growing crops of this valley will not suffer for want of rain during the residue of the year 1877.

The voters of Illinois voted not to tax themselves half a million dollars to complete the capitol. The vote stood 80,000 yeas, 240,000 nays.

The San Olezaro affair, in Texas, although a purely local squabble, may yet prove the germ of war, through the manipulations of diplomacy.

More than the average number of deaths in San Francisco last week, viz: 128. Diphtheria was the principal cause, carrying off fourteen persons.

John McAllister, Jr., optician, died last week at Pennsylvania, aged 92. He was the oldest living graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Texas State troops who were beleagured by Mexicans were forced to surrender. After the surrender the Mexicans shot three of the number.

Mary Kate Dalls, a well known writer of stories, has been appointed principal of a public school at Mianus, in the township of Greenwich, Conn.

The British Cabinet have decided that as there is so much difference between the great powers it is useless to attempt mediation in the Eastern war question.

A Washington special says: Senator Gordon has gone to Georgia. Democratic enemies say the Conkling matter will weaken him very much for re-election.

The date of holding the Consistory has been postponed from the 17th to the 21st inst. The Vatican is in permanent deliberation concerning the conclave.

Mrs. Adelbert Ames is living with Papa Butler in Washington. The Essex statesman has five interesting grandchildren of whom he is extremely fond.

Sanford's friends are urging the President to nominate him again. The President has declined, but may yield to Evarts, who is Sanford's principal banker.

Baron Jomini, Councillor Hamberger, and the whole of the Diplomatic Chancellery, will return to St. Petersburg, with Prince Gorichakoff and the Czar.

Senator Jones has had six silver dollars, of the weight of 412½ grains, struck off at the Philadelphia Mint, and has sent two of the coins to the President.

A Washington special says Senator Patterson now leaves his bed part of the day. He says, in consequence of his worry and sickness, his weight is reduced to 120 pounds.

A confidential clerk of the Rothschilds, in Paris, lately absconded, after robbing his employers of over $360,000. The money had been nearly all lost in stock speculations.

The management of the closed National Trust Company of New York is pronounced infamous and scandalous. The Bank Examiner has been twice before the Grand Jury.

Tchaikowsky, the Russian composer, is engaged on a new opera on a Russian subject. Its title is "Eugen Ouagin," and its libretto is derived from Pashkin's poem of that name.

Senators Blaine and Conkling fraternized the other day in the Senate chamber for the first time in twelve years. The incident was food for gossipers but disgusted sensible people.

It is expected that about £400,000 from the East will go into the Bank of England early next week. There is some discussion about a further reduction of the bank discount rate.

Another perverter of other people's money has "gone to the Springs" from 'Frisco. This time it is Jack Tyler of the defunct Collateral Loan Bank. His bonds for $29,000 was forfeited.

Petitions are circulating among bankers and business men of Chicago asking Congressmen to stand by the President in all his financial views, declaring them sound and healthful for the country.

John Reilly has been arrested in New York for the murder of policeman O'Brien thirteen years ago. Reilly has lived eight years of that time in San Francisco, and admits having served two terms in the California State Prison.

W. F. Endicott, President of the Central National Bank, of Chicago, which failed lately, has left for parts unknown, leaving his notes or the cash in the same way that D. D. Spencer did, and the prospects are that, instead of

The House Pacific Railroads Committee was called to order by Throckmorton, who stated his unwillingness to serve as Chairman, and asked to be excueed. He then retired when the Committee by a vote of six to four, refused to excuse him.

The Consolidated Virginia mine has paid forty dividends, aggregating $35,640,000. The California mine has paid twenty dividends, amounting to $21,600,000. Twenty other Comstock mines have paid dividends amounting to $47,223,000. The total is $104,464,000.

To settle a local dispute over the Postmastership of Carthage, N. Y., Postmaster-General Key, suggests that the Republican voters who obtain their mail at that postoffice should vote for a candidate for Postmaster for the next three days, and the election resulted in a majority for the present Postmaster.

A Nurse Who Sacrificed Her Own Life to Save Five Children.—One of the nursing Sisters of the Order of Troyes succumbed recently at Paris to an attack of hydrophobia, contracted under circumstances of no ordinary heroism. A month ago Sister Mary was taking charge for a walk of five convalescent children, the eldest of whom was only eight years of age, when they were suddenly assailed by a sheep-dog, whose jaws were running with foam, and who attacked them with fury. She instantly saw the danger of her charges, and, resolutely interposing between the terrified children and the furious animal bravely withstood its attack. She was severely bitten, and the dog, excited by the cries of the children, endeavored to rush upon them. Then followed a splendid act of devotion. Protecting with her body the children who hung on to her petticoats, shrieking with terror, this brave girl threw herself courageously upon the dog, and for ten minutes grasped it, rolling over with it, and thrusting her fist into his mouth to prevent its biting the children. Some peasants who came up at last, beat off and killed the dog. The Sister was found to have fifteen deep wounds on her hands and lacerated arms; an important artery was wounded. Skillful care was given to her wounds, ligatures were applied, the parts torn were cauterized, and for a short time after her return to Paris some hope existed that she might escape the ultimate fate which there was so much reason to fear. Later, however, the pharyngeal spasm, vomiting and hydrophobia in all its characteristic symptoms appeared, and Sister Mary died from this fatal and fearful disease, finding consolation in the certitude of having saved, at the price of her life, the five children who had been confided to her.—*New York Mercury*.

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Enriching the Meadow.—There is no better time for manuring fields than late in the fall. Fertilizers may then be drawn on the field with little injury to the turf. They may consist of stable manure, the scrapings of barn yards, the sweepings of poultry houses, or air slaked lime and ashes. Nothing should be applied as a top dressing that is not well pulverized. If coarse, barn yard manure is applied it will tend to destroy the grass, and be in the way of the mower and the rake next season.

* * *

"Misery loves company." So does a marriageable young lady.

Cooking Beefsteak.

Although we cannot endorse the very sweeping statement made by Col. Ingersoll in his speech at the Peoria fair, says Clara Francis in the *Prairie Farmer*, that "fried beefsteak is not fit for a beast," we must confess that a choice porterhouse or sirloin steak is materially injured, in our own estimation, by being prepared in any other manner than broiled over a bed of live coals, or, what we ourselves use for that purpose—and find far more satisfactory and convenient—a Florence oil stove. Every one may not be able to obtain choice steaks; they may lack either the means, or the oppportunity, and possibly be destitute of the facilities for broiling. An indifferent substitute for a gridiron may be found in a hissing hot frying pan, guiltless of butter or grease of any kind. Into this a tender steak may be put, without seasoning of any kind, and cooked as rapidly as possible, without a cover. Turn it often, and in a few minutes the steak can be seasoned and removed to a hot platter, the least dash of boiling water shaken in the frying pan, and turned over it; when served it will he found to be juicy and very palatable; not equal in flavor to a nicely broiled steak, but vastly superior to one fried according to the common method. A tough steak served in this manner, or broiled, is anything but appetizing, and we would prefer some other mode of dressing it. A good steak is not benefited by pounding, on the contrary it is injured, but a tough steak should be pounded until it looks ragged, and the fibers are well broken.

To cook a round or shoulder steak, pound thoroughly, then cut it into pieces about three inches square. Spread each piece with some chopped onion, and sprinkle the latter with salt. Roll each one up separately and secure them closely with a small skewer or string. Place them in a frying pan with a very little chopped suet, cover closely and cook until they are a nice brown, then dash over them a cupful of boiling water; replace the cover and let them simmer slowly until perfectly tender, adding more boiling water if necessary, when they should be seasoned with pepper and salt and served with the gravy in which they were cooked.

* * *

Architectural Beauties of the Past.—After the long drive from La Cava, when the body has become wearied and the mind inactive, it is like a breath of new life to see the beautiful columns of the Temple of Ceres, standing out sharp and clear, but soft and mellow against the sky, and to know that we are at last on the spot which holds the finest remains of antiquity to be found in Italy. Not the Colossum nor the Forum in Rome, not the Amphitheatre nor the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli, equals the grandeur of these three ruins at Hæstum—The Temple of Ceres—or as some say of Vesta, the Temple of Neptune and the so-called Basilica. The plain of Pæstum must have been at one time no more unhealthy than is at this day the plain of Sorrento or the hights of Cava. But now, like the Campagna, like the district surrounding Pompeii, it is simply a hot bed of malaria and fever, where the human race languishes like the vegetation, and is about as much decayed as the old stone ruins round which they cluster. No one knows where are the quarries whence were brought the enormous blocks of travertine of which these Pæstum temples were built. The stone is to be got still, some eighteen inches thick, no more; but the block found here far surpasses that measurement. They are curious studies for the antiquarian and naturalist, being full of fossil seeds and aquatic plants, as well as of shells; but the builders, who perhaps, like that other, "builded better than they knew"—only we do not believe that they did—faced the travertine framework with stucco or marble, and made a splendid surface to a no less beautiful core. Of the three ruins the Temple of Neptune is the most splendid and the largest. It has thirty-six columns, with fluted shafts and doric capitals, all in grand preservation, to form the outside lines; while within are two series of eight columns each, with a second row of smaller columns above to support the roof. Of these only one side remains. The temple was open to the sky—technically, hypæthral—so far as the cella or sanctum, where the statute of the god stood, was concerned; and when the whole pomp and circumstance of the time and worship were intact—when the long procession of youths and maidens came carrying baskets of fruit for offerings, and playing the sacred hymns for honor—when the white-robed priests stood by the sacrificial altar, where the poor sleek victims were bound, garlanded with flowers, dreesed and decked for an immolation which was to insure the good favor of the Gods and avert the evil influences of the furies—when belief lent its magic and prosperity its charm, and everything within and without was radiant, perfect and beautiful—we can well imagine something of the splendor and loveliness of which this Temple of Neptune was the scene. The ground which now bears only thistle and weed-like growth of mint and thorn, of fern and coarse, rank grass, was then famous for its rose gardens; the deserted plain, where these magnificent ruins stand like mournful guardians as well as spectral witnesses of the past, was then thick with houses, noisy with the hum, busy with the life of men.—*London Queen*.

* * *

The Colt.—Doubtless every colt should have every attention paid to his first pace—the walk—for it is the foundation of all others and denotes usefulness. In fact, when a good horseman mounts an animal he wishes to try, and finds the walk free and good, he is at once impressed favorably, and a little remissness in the other paces will be pardoned if it is a young horse, hoping and expecting improvement will occur because of the good walking.

* * *

How They do it Out West.—"Woman graduates," says a Philadelphia paper, "are knocking at the doors of the Massachusetts Medical Society." Bully for the Massachusetts women. Out in this country it is the poor husband who has to get up and dust at midnight's holy hour and pound bedlam out of the doctor's door with a brick, after he has pulled the bell knob out by the roots.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

* * *

A platform orator calls his lecture "How to Gain Wealth." There are several ways of accomplishing this object. One is to over-issue stock, another is to "raise" insurance scrip; another is to get elected president of a savings bank; and a fourth is to charge two hundred dollars a night for a twenty dollar lecture.

Passenger Cars Running Safely on a Ten-Inch Track.

There is "something new under the sun" in railroads. At least I have seen no description in any New York paper of what has just been experimentally completed in Massachusetts. A perfectly-working, safe—yes, much safer than the ordinary—road has been producd, and which will revolutionize traffic in both passengers and freight. The cost and price of both will come down one-half, and yet the companies coin money where now they cannot pay expenses.

The young gentleman who conceived this new plan is a practical wood and iron machinist, and also an engineer. To show how narrow a track may be, and be practical and safe, with his own hands he constructed a railroad, having but ten inches width of track, from the elevated village of Hyde Park down to the depot. He also, with his own hands, constructed the cars to run on the track. In these he carried in six weeks over three thousand passengers from the village down to the depot, without the slightest injury to any one. There were several short curves on the way, and the track crossed the highway twice. The people of Billerica, wishing a road across their town from North Billercia, on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, to Bedford, a distance of eight and a half miles, requested the projector, Mr. George E. Mansfield, to come and give the people a lecture on narrow track railroads. Some said: "It is a chimerical notion;" but others said, "This is of God and must prevail," and they gave a helping hand and secured a movement so far as to get a petition for a charter from the Legislature. The charter was allowed. Then the right of way was secured gratis the whole distance. Two very able men gave the way only because, as they said, it was only a visionary, crazy-headed scheme, and would never be accomplished. But next the stock was subscribed. Ben Butler went in for one-fiftieth of the whole stock, which was $50,000. Then came the building of the road, which was completed by the first of September, so that cars passed with passengers over the entire route that day, and secured the right of way. There are eleven bridges on the route, one over 100 feet long. The rail weighs 25 pounds to the yard, which is quite strong enough; 20 pounds would do. The road is well built and equipped; one grade is 155 feet.

The cars and engines of the road will at once attract and fix the attention. They are very well proportioned, and make a very handsome appearance. The engine is behind the tender and next the cars, so that when the train moves the car next to the engine draws down upon and increases the adhesion of the engine to the track. Both engine and cars are constructed so as to be very near the ground, giving great advantages in regard to safety, also very little oscillation. The cars have an aisle with one seat on each side, in the same manner as ordinary cars have two seats. The length of the cars allows thirty seats, each person having a seat to himself. The cars are warmed with steam, are well ventilated, have closets, water tank, all the modern improvements, Westinghouse brakes, etc. They weigh but four tons and a half, ordinary cars weighing on an average eighteen tons. Hence Mansfield will carry sixty persons with cars weighing nine tons, while ordinary roads must draw eighteen tons to carry fifty-six persons. The engines are equally light and less costly than on ordinary roads. It is quite evident that a road eight and a half miles long, which cost $1,500 less than $50,000, and which can be run for half the expense upon ordinary roads, must be a great and notable achievement. The road cost $4,500 per mile. The trains run about twenty miles an hour. Engines weigh about eight tons, and draw two passengers and two freight cars twice a day each way, at a cost of coal only one-fourth that of ordinary engines.—*Cor. N. Y. Express*.

* * *

A Kentucky Love Story.—A very sweet story of love comes from Cincinnati, whence very few sweet things ever come, and probably we never should have had this enchanting tale had not the hero and the heroine been imported for the occasion from Kentucky, a State which is abandoned to the raising of heroes and Democratic majorities, and heroines, and superior whisky. Professor Pie has taught school across the river from Cincinnati for many years, and devoted his evenings, and Saturdays and Sundays, and much other time, to Huldah, who was a schoolmarm, and this pleasant thing went on till the Professor was 50 and Huldah was 45. After 10 or 11 years, Huldah's folks, beginning to think they were going to altogether too much expense for firewood and coal oil, and extra dinners for the Professor, and feeling that there never would be any wedding after all, began to tell naughty stories about the Professor. This made Huldah cry and love him the more, and the strategy failing, he climbed in the parlor windows, and the boys pounded him with fence-boards as he went through. And then they fired blank cartridges at him in the still darkness of the night, and finally loaded their guns with beans and afterward with bird-shot. The Professor endured this exciting amusement a few weeks, and then got mad, stole Huldah out of the house, ran away with her to Cincinnati, and they were married! Young Kentucky strategy has succeeded, with the invaluable aid of fence-boards and shotguns, in bringing a prolonged and weary courtship to a happy termination. The Professor was forgiven and invited back with his bride. The affair was a little novel and sensational even for Kentucky, but, in spite of its pronounced success, it would hardly be desirable, perhaps, for every lady with a hesitating lover to start out a lot of untamed nephews on the war-path with shotguns and fence-boards.

* * *

The British tar is, as a rule, a staunch supporter of the established church, and has a lofty contempt for dissenters, which occasionally shows itself in rather an amusing way. For example, on board one of the ships of the Channel fleet, not long since, one of the petty officers was telling off the men for church, on Sunday, and this is the way he gave the *mot d'ordre;* "Reg'lars, stand where you har; fancy religions, fall hout."

* * *

The professor, addressing with a triumphant air his audience at the end of the lecture, exclaimed: "It seems to me that a demonstration like that is worth something." "Let's git eout," said an economical backwoodsman to his son. "They air gwine to take up a collection."

* * *

If your landlady's daughter is pretty, you may say. "Pass me that, honey."

Household Hints.

To Prevent Pie-crust from Smoking.—Glaze the under crust with beaten egg.

To Remove Spots of Blacking from Carpet.—Scrub the spots with hot water and borax, using little soap; rinse with clear water, and rub dry with a clean dry rag.

Bread Making.—We use a two-cent cake of yeast dissolved in three pints of luke-warm water. This makes three loaves of bread and one pan of rolls. Our bread is excellent.

Cure for Sleeplessness.—Eat an onion or two previous to retiring at night. Also a specific for all diseases of the kidney and bladder, if indulged in freely for some time, where other remedies have failed.

Fos Dyspepsia.—Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days probably will answer but take it until cured.

Dark Steamed Pudding.—To be steamed two and a half or three hours. One cupful molasses, one cupful sweet milk, two cupfuls butter, four cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful soda, three-quarters cupful fruit, spice, to suit the taste; to be eaten with flour sauce.

Boston Tea Cakes.—One well-beaten egg, two teaspoonful of sugar, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted into the dry flour, one teaspoonful of butter, melted; bake in small tins.

Celery.—Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper, then pin it up in a towel and keep it in a dark place, and keep as cool as possible. Before preparing it for table, place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain in for an hour. It will make it crisp and cold.

Corn-meal Muffins.—Three eggs well beaten, whites and yolks separately; two heaping cupfuls of Indian-meal and one of flour; sift into the flour one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream-tarter; then one tablespoonful of lard, melted, three cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful salt; bake well and thoroughly; bake in rings or small patty-tins; bake quickly and serve hot.

Corning Beef.—For 100 pounds of beef, take seven pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces pepper, two ounces soda; dissolve in two and a half gallons water; boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks, scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more.

* * *

Snubbing an Astronomer.—Villemain, the Secretary of the French Academy, was one day in the library, discussing Napoleon III. and Imperialism with all his vigor and bitterness, when Le Verrier, then in the first flush of his affection for the Empire, happened to pass, and hearing one of the biting sentences of the Academician, said: "How dare you speak thus of the Emperor in a public building?" Villemain looked up carelessly and replied, "And pray who may you be?" "You know me, sir," said the astronomer. "Your face may be familiar to me, but I don't exactly recall your name." "Le Verrier is my name." "O, yes. Le Verrier. Astronomer, I think. In his day I was intimately acquainted with M. de La Place. He was an astronomer, too—and a gentleman." "Sir," said Le Verrier, "I despise wit, but if you continue speaking thus I warn you that I shall report your words to the proper authorities." "Well," said Villemain, shrugging his shoulders, "every one has his way of making a living," and without paying any further attention to the great astronomer, who was fairly trembling with rage, he went on dissecting the Emperor.

* * *

One Maine schoolmistress is thus described: "She is an imposing human structure, not far from seven feet in hight, and weighing not less, I think, than 300 pounds. Her voice is fitting to her size, and her strength is equal to either. She is pleasing to behold—very handsome, the Anakim would probably call her." She was sent for once to reduce a disorderly school to submission. The boys, almost men in stature, had ejected a teacher by force and smashed the desks. The account continues: "She walked the floor, making her exordium. Her ruler was like a weaver's beam. She told the school why she was there, and serenely invited those who designed to make trouble to begin it at once. Not a creature stirred. After some weeks one young fellow of twenty-one years, who considered himself a beau, began to air his pretensions rather obnoxiously. One stride, and she was alongside the dandy; one grab, and the dandy was across her knee—kicks, howls, and scratches were efforts thrown away; and amid the struggles of the boys not to rend the air with laughter and the hysterical shrieks of the girls, Adolphus was disciplined in a style and to a degree that he will remember to his departing days."

* * *

A jolly son of the ocean was about being put on board an outward-bound ship, when he asked leave to have another run "up town." Being informed that he could not be permitted to go, as the ship was about to sail, he sang out to a man on the wharf, an entire stranger to him, "Here, my friend," throwing him a five-shilling piece, "spend that for me—I'll do as much for you another time."

* * *

During cholera times, an undertaker being asked by a lady, who was employing him at some household work, whether he would have a glass now or wait till he had finished the job, "I'll be takin' the glass noo, mem," said the artisan, "for there's been a power o' sudden deaths lately."

* * *

Damm and Smith were the Republican candidates for Assembly in Yuba, and Hugg and Ostrom the Democratic candidates. The latter were elected, which provokes the Colusa Sun to remark that the Yubaites concluded to Hugg Ostrom and Damm Smith.

* * *

Toler, afterward Lord Chief Justice Norbury, was asked to contribute a shilling toward the expense of burying a poor London attorney who had died. "Only a shilling to bury an attorney!" he exclaimed; "here is a guinea; go and bury twenty-one of them."

* * *

"I do not think, madame, that any man of the least sense would approve of your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

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$75 00	"	40	" "
$100 00	"	50	" "
$250 00	"	75	" "
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Cut this out and bring it with you, and after you have made your purchase present it, and we will give you credit for your R. R. fare both ways.

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RINGS.—An endless variety of every description from plain Solid Gold to the most elegant Diamond Settings.

CHAINS.—Opera, Neck Opera Guard, Chatelain and Vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns.

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CLOCKS.—From the plainest to the finest French pendules.

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"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."

"Send me five boxes of your Pills."

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I have over 200 such testimonials as these, but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders

And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very roots of the evil.

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Invariably cure the following diseases:

Disorder of the Kidneys.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water, or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

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No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these pills; they remove all acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm; in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS are the best known in the world for the following diseases: Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Lumbago, Liver Complaints, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throat, Stone and Gravel, Tic-doloreux, Tumors, Ulcers, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from any cause, etc.

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The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND. CAL:

Thursday, December 27, 1877.

RATIFICATION MEETING.

The Vallejo Democracy assembled at Hibernia Hall in mass meeting Dec. 18th, for the purpose of ratifying the election of Senator James T. Farley. The assemblage was called to order by Chas. Hubbs, who stated the object of the meeting in a few appropriate remarks. Mr. McGettigan was chosen Chairman and Mr. Hubbs Secretary. On taking the Chair the President stated that although C. T. Ryland was his first choice, Mr. Farley was his second. On motion Messrs. Hubbs, Hodgkinson and McDonald were appointed a Committee on Resolutions, and after a brief recess presented the following, which were unanimously adopted, and ordered printed in the Vallejo and San Francisco papers:

WHEREAS, The Legislature of the State of California in joint session assembled did select the Hon. Jas. T. Farley as United States Senator to represent our State at the National Capital, therefore be it by the Democracy of Vallejo

Resolved, that we endorse the action of the Legislature of California in selecting the Hon. James T. Farley to represent us in the highest and most honorable position in their power to bestow.

Resolved, That we have the utmost confidence in the integrity, purity of intent and adaptability of the Hon. Jas. T. Farley to represent the interests of the State of California and our nation's welfare at the Nation Capital in such a manner as will reflect great credit to our State, nation and himself.

Resolved, That in selecting James T. Farley we consider the interests of the people of California represented; renewed prosperity and vigor will be made manifest with that depth of thought and consideration which emanates only from the wisest and best statesmen, among whom can be classed the United States Senator elect from California, the Hon. James T. Farley, whose election we cheerfully and unitedly ratify.

HODGKINSON,
MCDONALD,
HUBBS,
Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. Elder then favored the audience with a few remarks eulogistc of Mr. Farley, after which the meeting adjourned with three cheers for Mr. Farley.

ARTIFICIAL CHRISTIANITY.

The *Bee* goeth after the bogus "Christians" in this wise: A colored clergyman assisted the rector of the Episcopal Church at Cincinnati one Sunday recently, and not one-third of the usual number remained for the Communion service. So say the papers. And these are the people who would have the Chinese on this continent that the grace of the Lord may be given to them through the ministers. These are the people who send their missionaries to the South Sea Islands and among the heathens of Africa, sew and contribute money and goods for the purpose of clothing them and ship them tracts for the edification of their souls. Their Christianity is the Christianity which looks fair at a distance, but on a near approach loses its glamour and displays its artificiality. It is such people as these who bring true Christianity into disrepute and give rise to the bitter phillipics upon all creeds. Such men and women by their actions, as contrasted with their professions, are making more infidels to-day than ever did Ingersoll with his matchless eloquence. These are the real enemies of religion, the ones who are undermining its walls and sapping its strength. A true Christian is an honor to himself, to his country, to humanity and to his God, but an infidel or heathen is preferable to a hypocrite.

THE BURSTED DIME SAVINGS BANK

The *Examiner* thus discourses concerning savings banks in general, and the collapsed Dime affair in San Francisco in particular; "The collapse of the concern known as the Dime Savings Bank, on Market street, is the last event of the kind, we hope, that will occur in this city, or in this State. And now that the brood of unsound "banks" have been wiped out of their cheating and robbing existence, the victims of any of the same pattern hereafter will have only themselves to blame if they suffer loss therefrom. There are in this city as substantial and secure savings banks as can be found in any city in the world, but they do not pay, or promise to pay, depositors a higher rate of interest than they charge upon the loans made of the money thus received on deposit. If persons who hoard small sums wish absolutely safe custody for their money, against any contingency of failure—unless by destruction of all worldly values—they can put entire confidence in these sound and very cautiously managed banks. If they venture their savings in any other, in those which offer the inducement of high interest, they must at the same time take all the risk of total loss in the end.

A correspondent of the *Record-Union* states that he entered a meeting of Latter-Day Saints in that city and heard a woman state that she had been deaf until the Elders applied their powers of healing, a few days before, when her hearing was entirely restored. One of the Elders prayed on Sunday that the threatened drouth might be averted and on the next day copious rains followed. The *Record-Union* seems to doubt the rain part, but says nothing as to the woman's hearing being restored.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

Speaking of the probable calling of a constitutional convention the Colusa *Sun* indulges in the following remarks: "Several bills, as we notice, have been introduced into the Legislature, providing for the assembling of a Constitutional Convention to revise our present State Constitution. These bills may be considered as somewhat premature, as it is not as yet officially known that a Constitutional Convention has been voted for by a majority of all the votes cast at the late election, some ten or a dozen counties having not as yet made official returns of the vote upon the proposition. There is, however, scarcely a doubt but that the requisite vote was polled in favor of a Convention. An effort will probably be made to have the Convention assemble at San Francisco. We now enter our solemn protest against this movement. Sacramento is the proper place for the holding of the Convention. Every consideration points to that place as the proper place. To say nothing about the accommodations afforded by the State Capitol for the sessions of the body, Sacramento city is as accessible to the different parts of the State as San Francisco is, or any point in the State. No single argument, worthy one moment's consideration, can be adduced in favor of holding the Convention in San Francisco. As the Convention is to be held, there is no reason why the present session of the Legislature should be prolonged, and we hope that the recommendation of Gov. Irwin, in this regard, will be heeded. Should the new State Constitution be adopted, another session of the Legislature will probably be called next winter, or within less than twelve months from the present time. This session, held under the new Constitution, will be a most important one, as a re-organization of the entire State Government will be required of it. We can see no reason why the present Legislature should be in session beyond the first of February, and to prolong the session will merely involve an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars without any corresponding benefit to the public interests."

RIVERS AND POST OFFICE.

There are three resolutions before the Legislature asking Congress to appropriate money for the improvement of California rivers and the erection of post offices. The *Bee* thus comments upon the proposed measures: First in order and importance comes the resolution asking Congressional aid in improving the Sacramento river and building a post office in this city. This was adopted yesterday in the Senate, and now goes to the Assembly for consideration. In the same body yesterday Goodwin offered a concurrent resolution asking an appropriation to build a post-office at Marysville and for the improvment of the Feather river. This was considered and passed to engrossment. The third one came from Evans, of San Joaquin, asking for the improvement of the San Jauquin river and a post-office at Stockton. This last one was adopted and goes to the Assembly. And there is also a separate petition being extensively signed by farmers and residents generally on the upper Sacramento to make that portion which has been allowed to fall into disuse navigable. As to the post-offices, they would of course be a great improvement, but they are not absolutely necessary. The deepening of the rivers is, and if Congress fails to grant the relief asked, it may not be long before those rivers become so clogged up as to render navigation almost impossible in summer. And then the remedy will lie with the citizens, but it is very doubtful whether private means sufficient could be had for the purpose.

SENATOR FARLEY.

Senator Farley as a native of Albemarle county, Virginia, and 49 years of age. He came to California in 1850, and after a short stay in the mines settled in Amador county, where he commenced the practice of law. He was returned to the Assembly in 1856 from that county as a Whig. He was reelected the succeeding year, and chosen Speaker. Mr. Farley at that time being 28 years of age, the youngest Speaker that had presided over the deliberations of a California Assembly. From the year 1856 to the present time the Senator has been a constant and unrelaxing politician. He has finally reached the top of his ladder.

FRANCE AND HER ARMY.

It is now proposed, says the *Examiner*, to re-organize the French army, somewhat after the Prussian system, in the enlistment of men and the term of service—to reduce it from five years as it is, to three years. The effect will be to largely increase the force and to provide a greater number of reserves. It will also give the advantage of the two years' release to agriculture, manufacturing, trade and mechanical pursuits. But Bismarck regards the proposition with much jealousy, and is planning to prevent it. He is resolved that France shall not grow in military strength if he can curb her in the attempt.

THE Sacramento *Daily Bee* issued an eight-page Christmas number. It contained an illustration showing the Capitol and westerly section of its surrounding grounds, an illustration giving a view of the Sacramento Grammar School building as seen from the east; editorials, news dispatches, local news, review of industrial and charitable institutions, statistics, poems and selected miscellany.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches to the Daily Democrat.

Preparations for War.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—During the past twelve months ships have been constantly carrying stores to Gibraltar and Malta, where there is now a vast accumulation of war material. Orders have been received at Woolwich for the manufacture of sixteen-pounder field guns. It has also been determined that four eighty ton guns for the Inflexible are to be chambered forthwith.

Hayes Feted.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Union League Club gave a grand reception to the President. Over five thousand men were present. It was a severe rebuke to machine politicians.

Forefather's Day, commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrims, was celebrated with great eclat. Secretary Evarts and President Hayes made speeches.

Rain—Robbery.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 22.—It rained here last night; still showering this morning.

Messrs. Floyd and Flanders, farmers of Yolo county, while going home this evening were robbed by highwaymen, eight miles from Sacramento.

More Money.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Parliament will be asked for an extra grant of money for the army and navy.

To Modify.

ROME, Dec. 23.—Negotiations to modify the treaty between Italy and the United States relating to rights of Consuls have begun.

Schurz Decides.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Secretary Schurz decides that swamp lands included within rejected Mexican grants lapse to both states.

Brief News.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Patterson's condition has improved.

General McCook is a candidate for consul General to Paris.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Advices from Europe indicate serious declension in Government Bonds in consequence of the probable passage of Bland's silver bill. However, prospects for the passage of the bill are improving.

It is quite evident the only way to solve the Chinese problem is for a united appeal to Congress for legislation.

The War Situation.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—It is reported that the Russians are now within six hours' march of Sofia Heights, which are the only positions now held by the Turks to defend Sofia.

Profound gloom prevails in Constantinople. The Sultan and a majority of the people are anxious for peace, but are overruled by the war party of Pashas, who know that the end of the war will bring them heavy punishment. The war will be carried to the last extremity should mediation fail. There is great distress among the poor for want of provisions, and a rising outbreak is feared in consequence.

The Russians are threatening Erzeroum.

Active diplomacy is going on between Paris and London to establish an understanding on the Eastern question.

London Dispatch.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Minister Welsh has presented his credentials to the Queen.

Stanley, the African explorer has arrived at Aden.

Prince Milan of Servia has been deposed by the Porte.

The army of Greece will be put on a war footing.

Majority.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The Republicans have a majority of forty-five in the General Council.

New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The Treasurer of the Board of Excise has absconded with $40,000.

Secretary Evarts was at a dinner in New England yesterday. The Secretary made a patriotic speech upon live issues. The barooms were all closed yesterday, the law obeyed, and no drunkenness the consequence.

Border Troubles.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 24.—A dispatch says Lieutenant Ward and command are pursuing Indians who have been stealing stock. He crossed the Rio Grande and was accompanied by Mexican troops who are aiding in the pursuit.

Washington Matters.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The Six Chinese Companies are preparing printed documents for general distribution throughout the East.

A majority of the House Ways and Means Committee is opposed to the revenue tax. The question of subsidizing steamship lines will come up soon and an effort will be made to compel such lines to employ none but American seamen, thus excluding the Chinese.

Senator Patterson's condition is not so good.

Indians are on the war path in Sonora, where they whipped the troops in a pitched battle. The Indians are also rising in New Mexico, where wagon trains have been captured by them and their attendants killed. Soldiers are in pursuit.

Stage Robbed.

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 24.—The Florence and Tucson stage was robbed by highwaymen near Desert Station yesterday.

Rain and Snow.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—It is raining from Sacramento to Los Angeles. A heavy snow storm season is at hand in the mountains. There are indications of a snow storm here this morning.

Fatal Accident.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 24.—Edward K. Dow, conductor on the California Pacific road was accidentally shot last night and fatally wounded.

Plevna.

BATOUM, Dec. 26.—The Russian lines have pushed forward. The city is almost invested. The Russians have occupied Borquiar.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Turkish sick and wounded are dying at the rate of one thousand a day. Plevna is one vast charnal-house, surpassingly horrible.

The bridge at Obrail over the Danube has been destroyed.

Preparing.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Great Britian is taking account of the stock of war material on hand, and how much can be put into service on short notice.

Fighting.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The bombardment of Nicsic begun yesterday.

The Servians took Palaerirk after eight hours' hard fighting. A severe loss to the Turks.

France.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—Proceedings have been ordered against the Electoral officers. There is a report that MacMahon did contemplate a coup d'etat, and had given such order.

France will retain an attitude of reserve on the Eastern question.

Quiet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—A general but quiet celebration of the holidays, yesterday.

A heavy frost last night.

Burglary.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26.—The house of Dr. McCarthy was burglarized last night to the extent of $10,000.

LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 26.—The wife of Senator Gailard died yesterday.

OMAHA, Dec. 26.—Wm. Tiffinger, a tramp from Sacramento, had both legs cut off by the Eastern bound train. He will die.

Fire.

HOLBROOK, Dec. 26.—Two houses and a church was burned here yesterday.

Sacramento Markets.

SACRAMENTO, December 25.

FLOUR—Sacramento brands, $6 75, gold.
BUTTER—40@35c.
EGGS—40@45c.
ONIONS—1c.
HAY—$15 00@$18 00; Alfalfa, baled, $12 00@$14 00.
POTATOES—New Early Rose, $1 25@$1 75.

Woodland Markets.

[REPORTED DAILY BY F. S. FREEMAN & CO.]

WOODLAND, December 25.

FLOUR—℔ bbl, $7 00@$7 50.
SUGAR—Island Refined, 10 @ 11c; S. F. Golden C., 11c; S. F. Fine Crushed, 13½c; N. Y. Yellow C., 11½c; N. Y. Fine Crushed, 14c; N. Y. Granulated, 13.
TEA—Japan, 35@60c.
CANDLES—14@20c.
SOAP—C.O., ℔ lb 5@6½c; Cold Water Bleaching, 8@10c.

PRODUCE.

WHEAT—$2 12½@$2 17½.
BARLEY—$1 75.
POTATOES—$1 50.
HAY—$17 00.
EGGS—℔ doz., 45c
POULTRY—Hens, ℔ doz. $5 50@6 00; Chickens, $3 50@$4 00; Turkeys ℔ lb 14c.
BUTTER—35c.
WOOL—Spring, 20@25c; Fall, 12@14c.

THE December number of the "Masonic Review," a monthly periodical published in the interest of the Masonic Fraternity, has been received. It is published by Wrightson & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and is full of interesting matter pertaining to Masonry.

LEGISLATIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

[SPECIAL TO THE DAILY DEMOCRAT.]

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 11, 1877.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I have been so unwell for several days back that it was impossible for me to indite you a letter, but am feeling much better at present and shall attempt my usual duties.

REDUCTION OF SALARIES.

This important subject is now in the right hands and we may all expect some good results from the action commenced at this early day in the session. Mr. Angney, who is one of the most economical Senators and one who has the best interests of the State at heart, and who is also a gentleman altogether sufficiently capable to get up and defend the measure of reform, is in earnest in his move in this direction, as will be seen by the bills he has introduced. The first bill is an

"ACT TO AMEND

Certain sections and repeal certain sections of the Political Code concerning the salaries of the civil executive officers of the State." This bill was referred to the Committee on Public Expenditures. This act makes the salaries of the Governor and the various heads of departments at least thirty per cent. less than they now get. It is about the same bill that Governor Irwin, when a Senator, introduced for the purposes of retrenchment. The salary of the Governor and the different perquisites he gets now amounts to about ten thousand dollars. This bill puts it all at about seven.

SALARIES OF LEGISLATORS.

Your correspondent does not think the Legislative branch of our State Government any too well paid at this time. They get but $1,200 per session, and this does seem small. The bill introduced by Mr. Angney reduces the salary to $1,000 per session, and that of the several attaches about the same proportion.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

He also introduced a bill to reduce the salaries of the judicial officers about 25 per cent. All these subjects were before the Finance Committee four years ago, when Mr. Irwin was Chairman of that Committee. The same bills were up last session and were defeated upon both occasions by the Assembly. Mr. Angney may succeed in this measure at this session; yet it is certain that the employment of inefficient officers by offering small salaries, is bad policy. Two years ago Hon. M. P. O'Conor tried to reduce the salary of the Capitol Engineer

MARK FOSTER,

From $125 to $100 per month, and you can see by the Secretary's report that this attache has saved the State over $1,000 by being able to do and doing mechanical labor right in the Capitol that heretofore was done outside. Your correspondent remembers the utterance of this penny wise and pound foolish doctrine—"anybody can run an engine—one hundred dollars is enough; we don't give more in the mines." Now this same Mark Foster saves over one thousand dollars, because he is a skilled mechanic.

LAMBERT ON THE CHINESE

Treaty. Your Senator has introduced the most sensible preamble and resolution yet offered for the consideration of our Congressmen and Senators. Let him have all praise therefor.

STREET RAILROADS.

Senator McCoppin took hold of this important matter the other day, and by his shrewd way of doing business got it passed, reducing street railroad fare to five cents per ride any where in the city of San Francisco.

TAXING GROWING CROPS.

Senator Lambert, in the Judiciary Committee, advocated and was successful in getting in a recommendation that the growing crops be assessed with the realty. To the farmer this is an important measure, and the farming interests should give the advocates for it all credit.

INDEX.

Dr. Taft Takes the Stand.

VACAVILLE, Dec. 19th, 1877.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—*My Dear Sir:*—I have this day (Dec. 19th, 1877,) seen for the first time B. A. Stephens' communication in your issue of same date—it was sent to me in scrap form, in a private note from your city, and therefore I cannot give date of issue. In it I find the following paragraph:

"Dr. Taft, the President of their" (the Baptist) "College located here, on the afternoon of Sunday, November 18th, preached a sermon upon the Sabbath question, claiming the abolition of the Law of God. He forbade anyone announcing a review before his audience, well knowing we were present, and desired the privilege."

Now, ordinarily, I should not condescend to notice an article of this kind, but this does me such manifest injustice, and is so positively untrue, *as put*, and as "a scrap of history made in Vacaville," that I cannot entirely pass it. I beg, therefore, the privilege of simply saying—*as put* by Mr. Stephens—so much of said article as noted above, and relating to myself, is wholly, totally, and entirely untrue. I do not mean to say there is not about it the semblance of truth, but I do mean to say that as to *one particular in fact*, and as to the *impression* which the paragraph is designed to make, it is wholly and entirely untrue. It is as sad to make false impressions, intentionally, as to tell a positive untruth. I have no right to so state a fact, even or in any way to throw around it a garb, or to accompany it with an air that in any wise makes it different from what it actually was. This Mr. Stephens has done, and I forgive him on the score that he has so long practiced this kind of double-dealing, that it has become a sort of second nature to him and he cannot well help it. May God forgive him.

Yours truly, S. A. TAFT.

New Advertisements.

WHAT YOU CAN GET FOR $5.00.

For $5.00 you can get, from us or any bookseller, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, the best of all the illustrated magazines, for one year and a half, beginning with the magnificent Midsummer number for August last, and containing all the chapters of "His Inheritance," Miss Trafton's graphic story of Army Life; all of "Roxy," Edward Eggleston's new novel, a story of Western life during the political campaign of 1840; and all or a large part of Boyesen's novel, "A Knight of Fortune," the story of a community of emigrants in the North-west; besides shorter stories by Mrs. Burnett, Saxe Holm, Boyesen, &c.; and illustrated poems, travel sketches, essys, reviews, nearly a dozen of the splendidly illustrated series of "Out-door" papers, including many of the best of the series on "American Sports," and on the "picturesque aspects of American Farm Life," &c., &c., &c.; including all the numbers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY from August, 1877, to January, 1879, inclusive, and also the splendid Christmas Holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, containing one hundred pages—the finest number of a children's magazine ever published in this or any other country; the whole containing more than 2,000 octavo pages of the best and latest illustrated literature.

SCRIBNER & Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

See advertisement on first page.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

Closing Out at Cost,

FOR CASH.

TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP!

$50,000.00 Worth

—OF—

General Merchandise!

—CONSISTING OF—

DRY GOODS!

Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Hardware, and FARMING IMPLEMENTS, of all kinds, now in store at

KNIGHTS LANDING

AND BLACK'S STATION,

—ALSO,—

160 ACRES OF LAND

Seven miles Northwest of Black's Station, in Bird Hollow,

20 head Horses,
4 second-hand Header Wagons,
2 Headers,
1 Grain Derrick,
2 Buggies,
And 1 Spring Wagon.

The Stocks of Goods are large and varied. GOOD BARGAINS will be given; call and examine for yourselves.

☞ All those indebted to us must come and pay up without delay and save cost.

HUSTON BROTHERS.

Knights Landing & Blacks Station, Oct, 23, '77.
oc23dwtf

H. KUHN & BRO.,

OPP. PORTER'S STORE, MAIN STREET,

WOODLAND.

Dealers in Tinware,

STOVES, RANGES,

PUMPS, WATER PIPES,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

Roofing, Plumbing, Gasfitting,

Galvanized Iron Water Tanks, all sizes,

MADE TO ORDER.

☞ All orders from the country promptly attended to.
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WOODLAND MILLS

J. M. RHODES, Prop'r.

ALWAYS ON HAND:

FINE & GRAHAM FLOUR, SHORTS

BRAN, CORN MEAL, ETC.

GRISTS AND FEED GROUND

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Market Price Paid for Good Wheat.

jeldw

A. P. SPENCE, M.D. D. R. BOULTON.

SPENCE & BOULTON,

SUCCESSORS TO

E. BYNUM & CO.,

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes,

PERFUMERY,

Pure Wines and Liquors

For Medicinal Use,

Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs Generally.

Farmers and people from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

☞ Prescriptions accurately compounded of PURE DRUGS, Day or Night.
se26dw

A. WEAVER,

HAS REMOVED

From his old stand to his new building,

East of Washington Hall,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING,

WAGON-MAKING,

AND REPAIRING ON SHORT NOTICE,

In the Best Manner and at Reasonable Rates.
de5w3m

L. MACHEFERT,

JEWELRY STORE,

CRAFT HOTEL BUILDING,

Woodland, - - - - - Cal.

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Ladies' Gold Sets, Solid and Plated Ware, Gold Pens, Spectacles, and everything in the Jewelry line. Agency of the FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.
jeldw

OTTO HANSON,

Merchant Tailor,

106 J STREET, ABOVE FOURTH,

SACRAMENTO.

The Finest and Latest Styles of Cloths on hand. Cutting and all work done by first-class workmen.
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S. A. WOLFE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

S. W. Cor. J and 5th Street, Sacramento.

FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.
se13-w3m

J. W. KING,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.

None but first-class work allowed to leave this Gallery.

COME AND SEE US. jeldw

FOR SALE.

The splendid GEO. WOODS' ORGAN recently used in the Catholic Church can be seen at J. K. Smith's Store. Go and see it, and get a bargain.
de14dw1m

Holiday Advertisement!

A. ALEXANDER

—AT THE—

WHITE HOUSE,

—THE GREAT—

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

EMPORIUM OF WOODLAND,

Has on display at his immense store the Completest, Richest and Most Elegant Stock of Holiday Goods ever presented to the public in this town. The Store as it now appears is

DAZZLING and GORGEOUS

In its magnificence.

A CHOICE AND UNEQUALED DISPLAY OF

SILVERWARE!

—CONSISTING OF—

Splendid Watches, Castors and Bells for Table use, Cake Baskets, Butter Bowls, Spoons in sets, Card Receivers and a hundred other articles.

The Low Prices at the East enable us to sell goods in this department at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES!

CROCKERYWARE!

Special attention is called to our magnificent collection of

Japanese, Chinese, English and French Crockeryware,

The Finest and Best ever offered for sale anywhere.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

We have a complete outfit of DOLLS, all sizes and all prices,

Toys of Every Conceivable Description!

And, indeed, everything the little innocents could possibly desire.

AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

Is a Fine Collection of

Genuine Oil Paintings!

Prominent among which is a View in the Andes, View on the Hudson River, Scene in Scotland, Waterfall in the Adirondacks, Hunting Scene, etc., etc. But we cannot enumerate: To fully appreciate our

Magnificent Stock of

Holiday Goods!

You MUST come and see. Call early and BUY PRESENTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

THE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT!

Is as usual filled to repletion with a Splendid Stock of Latest Styles of Clothing and Most Fashionable Dry Goods. New Goods are Constantly Arriving at

A. ALEXANDER'S WHITE HOUSE.

delldw

GEO. D. FISKE & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LUMBER DEALERS!

Will have constantly on hand

All Kinds of Lumber

MANUFACTURED IN THE SIERRA RANGE,

—SUCH AS—

Nos. 1 and 2 Sugar Pine,
Common Sugar Pine,
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ALL THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF

ROUGH LUMBER

FOR FRAMING & FENCING PURPOSES!

—ALSO,—

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Cor. Main and Sixth Streets,

Woodland, Cal.

Depot of Sierra Flume and Lumber Co.
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GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES!

A. BUTZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Informs the Public that he will make Clothing at Greatly Reduced Prices, and a

GOOD FIT GUARANTEED

IN EVERY CASE!

Business Suits,..................$30.
Pants,........................$6 to $14.
Dress Suits to Order,..$35 to $60.

Don't fail to call and examine my stock before going elsewhere, all my own manufacture. ☞ Remember the place.

MAIN ST., OPP. GOOD TEMPLAR HALL,

WOODLAND. deldw

J. I. EATON

Is offering inducements to cash customers by selling at

REDUCED PRICES!

He keeps constantly on hand

Knights' Landing Flour,

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

From Knights Landing Mills and all kinds of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

DISHES, CANDIES, NUTS & NOTIONS

Of all kinds.

Goods delivered to any part of town free of charge.

Main and Third Street,

Opposite Masonic Hall, - Woodland.
de3dw

A New Variety of Wheat.

This new, white, prolific wheat, imported direct from Europe, is a rapid grower and ripens eight days earlier than Club. From a very small portion of seed I raised 45 pounds; in 1876, (from this 45 pounds) 4,080 pounds; this harvest I have about ten tons more than is necessary for my own use, which I will sell in small lots at four cents per pound. The harvest of 1876 tested this wheat thoroughly, as it stood ten days after being dead ripe, and in a hurricane wind, just before being headed; it shelled less than the Club standing by its side. Samples of this wheat can be seen at the DEMOCRAT OFFICE. Both crops were sown in December on plowed land; that of 1876 was vitrioled to sow, so that it is much the darkest of the two.

DANIEL ARCHER,
Madison, Yolo Co.
se7dw

Dale & Co.,

PIONEER MUSIC STORE,

No. 185 J St., Sacramento,

AGENTS FOR THE

Knabe Piano Fortes and the Prince's Organs.

☞ New Music received every day. Instruments Tuned and Repaired. Zephyr Wools and Embroideries. Toys and Fancy Goods in great variety.
no22wtf

ELSTON & WHITE HAVE JUST received the Cheapest lot of Cigars ever brought to Woodland.

Notice to the Ladies of Woodland.

New era in Wools and Fancy Goods. We propose that you shall not pay but Fifteen Cents per ounce for your Zephyr Wools hereafter, and not Twenty and Twenty-five Cents, which you have been compelled to pay heretofore or go to San Francisco, thereby taking trade from Sacramento. We lead in the reduction; now let all follow suit. We will keep on hand a full line of Zephyrs, Cardboard; also, all kinds of Beads, Fancy Goods in endless variety), Sheet Music, at our new store, Northwest Corner Sixth and J Streets. A Fresh Stock of Wools and Fancy Goods. Yours, very respectfully,

jy12-2pw JOHN F. COOPER.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Wm. H. Smith, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of WM. H. SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, State of California.

Dated Nov. 22d, 1877.

no29lt H. C. YERBY, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of C. T. Creason, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned Administrator of the Estate of C. T. CREASON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of F. E. BAKER, Esq., at Woodland, in the said County of Yolo.

Dated December 8th, 1877.

GEORGE HATCHER,
Administrator of the Estate of C. T. CREASON, deceased. de18w5t

Bridge Contract.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Yolo county, Cal., until JANUARY 14TH, A.D. 1878, at 2 P.M. for the construction of a bridge across a dry slough near Reardon's ranch south-west from Woodland. Said bridge to be constructed in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the County Clerk's office and to be completed within sixty days from date of letting contract. All bids must be accompanied with a good and sufficient bond in double the amount of the bid offered. Contract price payable in warrants drawn on the Contingent Fund at par. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

D. M. BURNS,
de20td Clerk Board of Supervisors.

Yerby & Prior's

CARRIAGE DEPOT,

WASHINGTON BLOCK

WOODLAND.

We have on hand at our Carriage Depot, as above, a fine lot of Carriages of all kinds suited to the wants of this community, which are now open to inspection. An examination of them and comparison with other makes, is respectfully invited. We can supply

Family Carriages, Phætons and Buggies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

All of which are built under contract in Chicago. There is

Better Workmanship and Materials

Used in the construction of these Carriages than in any that have ever before been offered in Yolo County, and

THEY ARE GUARANTEED

To do Good Service and Give Satisfaction to the purchaser.

Orders for Any Style of Carriage will be promptly filled.

Also, a Fine Lot of Eastern Harness

Of Any Style, to Suit the Tastes of Customers.

no15w3m YERBY & PRIOR.

C. F. GRISWOLD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Stoves, Tin, Sheet-Iron

AND COPPER-WORK.

Tin and Sheet-Iron Roofing

A SPECIALTY.

GAS-FITTING AND PLUMBING

In all its branches.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ☜

Store, Two Doors West of Postoffice,

WOODLAND.

SIGN OF THE BIG TEAPOT. au25dw

Holiday Goods!

THE VARIETY STORE

THE PLACE TO BUY!

At this establishment an immense assortment of goods suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!!

Has been received and will be sold at reasonable prices. All Kinds of Suitable Articles, too numerous to mention. Please call and see.

Store, Opposite the College.

del7dw GEO. C. ST. LOUIS.

SANTA CLAUS

Holds forth at the

EUROPEAN BAZAR,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE,

Woodland, where may be found a great variety of TOYS suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, many of which were imported direct from Germany by the proprietor, MRS. I. HAFKY.

☞ Be sure and give her a call before you make your purchases. She can and will sell as cheap as any one else.
no29dw1m

For Sale or Exchange for Land

The well known TACKNEY HOUSE in Woodland is offered as above by the owner. It is desirable, well paying property. Also, for sale, a BLACKSMITH SHOP, opposite the Tackney House, and THREE ACRES OF LAND west of the Catholic Church.

Apply for terms, etc., to JOHN TACKNEY, at the Capital Hotel, Woodland. del4dw1m

MISS MILLIE ROBINSON,

First-Class Dressmaker,

WITH MRS. & MISS PORTER, MILLINERS,

COLLEGE BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
oc15dw

J. BORACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO HALL & PENDEGAST,)

DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

CACHEVILLE, CAL.

All kinds of Country Produce Bought at the Highest Market Price. de6w3m

L. DREYFUS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

LIQUORS AND CIGARS!

BOTH IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

Also the best Ale, Porter, Beer, etc. Families supplied with anything in my line to order on short notice.
no13dw

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, December 27, 1877.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

Our Reporter among the Roosters.

Apropos of the season, when chickens and turkeys are in demand, to grace the holiday feasts we took a turn through Mrs. C. P. Sprague's hennery yesterday and were so highly pleased with what we saw that we cannot refrain from giving to the public an idea of the magnitude of Mrs. Sprague's operations in poultry raising. Acting upon the theory which she believes to be the true one, that greater profits are to be obtained from finely bred fowls than from the ordinary "dunghills," she has in her yards only the finest imported breeds, and the success she has thus far experienced goes to prove the truth of that theory. She has upwards of sixty yards, or separate enclosures, besides a general promenade ground, and the average number of fowls old and young constantly on hand will probably exceed five hundred. She is continually importing and exporting fine chickens, and is rapidly coming into notice as a breeder of fine fowls. To fully describe the different varieties and attractive features of her fowls, together with the great pains taken for their accomodation and comfort, would require more space than we could spare, but below we give a brief synoposis of the most attractive features of the hennery. We were first introduced to a trio of imported Cochins which are very large, of splendid coloring and exceedingly valuable. These are sold at five dollars each, and go like hot cakes when placed upon the market. After admiring these fine fellows we were shown to the enclosure where the fine Buff Chochins were confined. We were always partial to this breed, and were fully gratified by the exhibition given here. The hens and pullets were perfection itself, both as to form and feather, and the rooster of the flock, who goes by the high sounding cognomen of Prince Albert, was one of the first six hatched from a trio of fowls imported directly from England by John Friggins of this town. He is consequently a thoroughbred and does honor to his title. In the next yard we found a dozen hens and one rooster of the Spanish variety. To attempt to describe the beauty of these birds would be useless. To be fully appreciated they should be seen. We were then conducted to the presence of a group of Light Brahmas. Here was another splendid exhibit. Mrs. S. claims the master of this flock to be the finest bird in the world, and we seriously doubt if a finer bred fowl could be found anywhere. Then we found the non-setting, bearded Golden Polands, imported from Belden's poultry yards, England. Next, the Golden Penciled Hamburgs, from imperial stock, and whose beautiful colors and exquisite penciling of plumage entitle them to the distinction of being the most beautiful domestic fowl known. Then in succession we were shown the Dark Brahmas, good layers, and all thoroughbreds, the Partridge Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, a very popular breed—being general favorites with all poulty dealers. Now comes the little fellows—the black-breasted red game Bantam. Upon observing that he was under inspection, how he did swell up up and strut around, as if to say: "just look at me, please, and say if you ever were blessed with the sight of a stouter gentleman than I?" Sprague says he is game to the backbone. The next shown was half-a-dozen Golden Seabright Bantams, a beautiful variety and very good producers. Then comes the handsome thoroughbred white crested Black Polands, followed by the Silver Spangled Hamburgs. Mrs. Sprague thinks these the prettiest birds. In the next yard were found the bearded Silver Polands. The rooster of this flock was hatched in England and was imported by Warner, of Oneida Co., N. Y, in 1873. He was exhibited in 1875 at Chicago, Buffalo, Utica, Hartford and Boston, taking the prize at every exhibition. He was purchased by Mrs. Sprague in 1876, and by her was imported to this State. Enclosures containing White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Silver-Grey Dorkings and a splendid trio of bearded Golden Polands completed our observations. It is well worth the while of any one to take a stroll among the chickens.

Enterprise.

Byron Jackson of the Woodland Planing Mill is one of our most enterprising citizens, and it is with pleasure we have the opportunity to record some improvement in, and addition to his extensive business. The original department consisted of a planing mill proper, used for the planing of lumber and the manufacture of mouldings, window sashes, blinds, doors, etc. They also took contracts for buildings of all kinds. To this department in time was added the machinery necessary for turning and shaping iron, which in connection with Mr. Jackson's machine manufactury was a necessary addition. The machine department is mostly devoted to the manufacture of self-feeders for threshing machines, Mr. Jackson being the inventor thereof. These self-feeders have proved a grand success as labor saving machines, and Mr. J. has reaped a rich reward from this useful improvement.

The next improvement instituted was a large steam hammer used for shaping heavy irons, which has thus far proved a very useful addition to the shop. The blacksmithing and machine departments are presided over by Mr Geo. W. Bond, while the woodwork is under the superintendence of Joseph Caldwell, Esq. To the above has recently been added a much needed improvement in the shape of an iron foundry wherein all the castings necessary for the building of machinery turned out of the shop are moulded. The furnace has a capacity of over a ton to one melting, and the first experiment in casting was made last Thursday with a satisfactory result. An average of about fourteen operatives are constantly engaged in the different departments, and Mr. Jackson certainly dererves great credit for his enterprise and pluck. We wish him the utmost success.

Wouldn't it be Highly Valued?

If any of our well-to-do farmers, tradesmen, mechanics or others desire to make their wife or other members of their family a holiday present worthy the name, and one which would be the means of bringing showers of blessings on their heads from the thus made happy recipients, let them go to Yerby & Prior's Carriage Depot, in Washington Block, and select one of the beautiful vehicles there exhibited. There are open and covered buggies, phætons, family carriages, etc., from which to select. And what nicer or more acceptable present could be made? The season is turning so favorably that it can now be done with safety by many in this community, and the cost of the vehicle would never be missed.

Fatal Accident.

While on the up trip to Williams last night, conductor Dow, of the California Pacific & Northern Railway, met with a fatal accident at Arbuckle Station. He was attempting to remove a loaded gun from the engine, when by some accident it was discharged, the contents being buried in his face and head. A special train conveyed the sufferer to Sacramento last night. When the same passed here Mr. Dow was barely alive, his friends having no hopes of his surviving the wound.

A special dispatch to the DEMOCRAT this morning states that the accident will necessarily prove fatal.

BOB WHITE:

A Christmas Story for the Little Folks.

[Written Specially for the DEMOCRAT.]

Christmas Eve, twenty years ago! Ugh! how cold it was! Snow under foot, clouds over head, and the wind—well, the wind was the worst of the three; for it wasn't satisfied to blow steadily along, and give the trees, and the men and women, and the boys, too, a fair show, so that they might know what to depend on; but it would blow like three or four hurricanes for a few minutes, then whirl round and round in gusty circles, like demons in a waltz, then subside a few minutes, pretending to be asleep, and before you knew it be at you again in tenfold fury; as much as to say, "Oho! you won't go inside, won't you? I'll show you, my friend, that I'm not to be trifled with at this season of the year. Get inside, now, or I'll blow you clear away.—Come!"

Bob White was the particular boy the wind was talking to all this time; and if you could have seen him as he trudged along through the snow; his old coat fluttering in the very wind that was abusing him; his shoes just good enough to let in all the cold; his hat—well, it *was a hat*, sure enough—all brim, and no crown to speak of; and then the sad, pinched face beneath. How the wind *could* be cruel, and talk so harshly to the poor little fellow, is curious; but I guess he was mad at having to blow on such a cold day—Christmas times, too.

Bob had traveled for a long distance, his left side to the wind, his head tucked down to shield his face from the cold; but his ear on that side, after feeling as large as two ears for a spell, now appeared to be gone entirely. Ah, how cold he was, poor fellow!

At last, just as the wind, gathering all his strength together, to put his threat of blowing little Bob clear away into execution, came roaring up through the trees, whirling the snow into a thousand fantastic shapes; I say just as he got ready to strike Bob, what should the little fellow do but dodge behind the south side of a huge barn that stood by the road. Oh, how angry the wind was, and how little Bob chuckled as he said to himself: "Got ye *that* time, didn't I? Blow away, old feller. Guess *I'll* stay *here* till ye get in a better humor."

Bob walked along to the other corner of the barn, and looking through the cracks of a door he found there, what should he see but a man sitting on a one-legged stool milking a great, sleek, red cow. What delight it was to him to see the great streams of milk pouring down into the pail, and what music it was to his ears, and how he wished he could have just one cupful of it, as it came from the great strutting teats. Ane then the calf; wasn't he a beauty? What fun to see him slip up close by his mother, and reach out his nose and take just the least end of a teat in his mouth, when the man would strike him on the shins with a cruel stick, till the poor fellow was obliged to back off again, shaking his head, while the cow, to console him, would low softly and lick him with her rough tongue till his silky hair stood in all directions. But now the white foam comes up over the edge of the pail, and the man giving a last pull at the teats all round, got up from the stool, and the calf, making a great lunge for the coveted meal, had it all his own way for a spell. And I have no daubt the cow saved him some of the richest milk she had, for he shook his tail and seemed to enjoy it hugely, after the man had gone. Wonder if *he* knew it was Christmas Eve?

But this would not do for Bob. Night was coming rapidly on, and he must find some place of shelter before dark. But where? Ah, where, sure enough. Bob had no home; no father, no mother, sisters or brothers to care for him. He was a poor orphan boy, wandering along alone,—cold, cheerless, homeless. But he had a brave heart, this Bob, and tucking his head to one side again, he sallied forth to meet the wind, who was still gloomily roaring among the trees.

Now the barn Bob had dodged behind was attached to a fine farm house, only a few rods along the road, and when he got opposite the gate, which opened into the front yard, he halted a moment to gaze at the comfortable looking place, and while so gazing a big, fierce-looking dog rushed out towards the gate, barking with all his might, his bristles all turned up, and altogether looking so savage that little Bob, although brave, as I said before, shrank back in affright, and was just turning to run away, when the front door of the house opened, and a lady appeared, looking around till she espied Bob. "Come off, Phœnix," said the lady, and the dog trotted back to the porch, wagging his tail, and smiling to himself at Bob's useless fright.

"No need to be frightened," the lady said, "the dog won't hurt you. He's the kindest old creature in the world." Then she looked so pleasantly at Bob, and smiled so sweetly at him and Phœnix, that his heart gave a great leap, and it was all he could do to keep the tears back, brave as he was. The lady smiled again, and asked him if he wouldn't come in and get warm; and she looked so good and kind that he did go in.

Oh, how pleasant it was in there! How cosy! What a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and how shamed Bob felt, shabby as he was, among all the fine things in the room. Looking up he saw himself reflected from a long mirror that reached to the floor, and oh, how ugly he looked. His tattered coat, his worn pants, his rough shoes, and above all his hair. It was nearly white, and no power on earth was equal to the task of keeping it in order. On his forehead was a "cow-lick," just like those on the calf that evening and it stood in bunches all over his head. As all this flashed over him the tears started in his eyes again but he bravely kept them back. The lady, who had left the room a moment came back just then, and into the room followed after her, first, a curly-headed laughing boy, then a girl with great blue eyes, and after her a little toddler just able to walk.

When they saw Bob they stopped and gazed at him in wonder. But the lady bustled around and bade them go and speak to the poor boy, which they all did, and Bob felt so awkward, and thankful and heartful that the tears would come, and silently coursed down his his cheeks. Seeing this the little toddler came up to him and putting her little hand on his great rough one, looked so pleadingly up into his face, and said, "dont ky little boy—please don't ky," and then Bob could hold in no longer and he just "boo-hooed" right out and had a good cry, which relieved him very much. And now lights were brought in, for by this time darkness had come, and presently a great stamping of feet was heard and a great bustle in the hall, and in come a big, burly, bewhiskered man, who had no sooner entered than the lady threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and the little children clung around him and called him papa. Then Bob knew who it was; and when the man had kissed the little folks all round he got a sight of Bob, and said, "whew!" and raised his eyebrows and looked at Bob till he trembled; but the lady whispered something to the big man, and Bob heard him say she was an angel, and he kissed her again. Then the man came and spoke kindly to Bob and told him he was welcome for the night, and just then the bell rang and they all went to tea, Bob with the rest, although he felt ashamed and held back at first, but they all spoke so kindly that he at last sidled up to the table and took his seat. Such muffins, such tea had seldom fallen to the poor fellow's lot to see; and when, after returning thanks, the man said "eat away my boy," Bob, being hungry, did eat away, and the kind lady helped his plate and waited on him so kindly that he had gotten enough before he hardly knew it. After tea they all went into the pleasant room again and the lady sang a sweet song. Then the little girl and boy said their prayers at their mother's knee, and kissed their father and mother, and—yes, the little blue eyed girl actually held up her sweet rosebud of a mouth to Bob, and as he kissed her a great resolve formed itself in his heart,—a resolve to always live a good and honorable life, so that he might grow up to be worthy of the love of such a pure bright being as this little girl. After the children had been put to bed the great man took down the Bible and read a chapter, and then solemnly saying "let us pray," they all knelt down and prayed for the Lord's blessing upon everybody, not forgetting poor Bob, for he prayed for the little orphan too. After prayers the lady took Bob by the hand and led him to the room where the children were, and there lay the three little heads on one pillow, all sleeping, oh, so sweetly. Then she took Bob to a little room adjoining and in it was a bed just large enough for a boy like him, and when she told him he could occupy that bed a tear stood in her eye for her own boy used to sleep there, and now he was asleep forever, she said. So Bob knew now why they were so kind to him. When the lady kissed him (yes—she kissed him good night, too,) the poor fellow could not keep back the tears, but burst out crying and sobbing as though his heart would break. He did something else too—something he had never done before; he knelt by the side of the little bed and tried to pray. Did God hear the awkward words of that poor, ignorant orphan, as he knelt there trying to unburden his almost bursting, thankful heart?

"Christmas gift, papa! Christmas gift, mama!" and "Tissmas diff!" said another sweet little voice—and Bob awoke with a great start, not realizing where he was for a moment. Then the events of the night before flashed over him and he jumped out of bed; and what should he see on the chair where he had placed his clothes but a good suit, a new shirt, a nice cap, and above all, a pair of *boots*, almost new. His old clothes were nowhere to be seen; so as Bob was shivering with the cold he concluded to put on the new ones, which he did, and what a different appearance did he make. After washing his face and hands, and brushing his stubborn hair into something like shape, although the cow-lick would not assume a graceful look, he went into the pleasant room again where he was met with a cheery welcome from the family, who were all assembled there. The curly headed boy, the blue-eyed girl and the little toddler all crowded around him to show the beautiful presents Old Santa Claus had brought them the night before. Then the big man took Bob kindly by the hand, and told him that his name was Arnold, James Arnold, the curly-headed boy's name was George, the blue-eyed girl's Nellie, and the little toddler had not yet been named—that their oldest boy, William, had died three months before—that the suit Bob wore had belonged to him, and that he hoped Bob would be a good boy and grow up to be a good man. So Bob told the man *his* name, and thanked him and the lady in his awkward way for their kindness to him. He then bade them all good-bye, and with a firm resolve in his brave little heart to so live as to deserve the love and respect of this kind family he trudged out into the snow and took his way towards the great city whither he was bound.

Yesterday! Just twenty years from the day when the wind spoke so unkindly to poor Bob White. What a long, long time twenty years is! What changes occur, what wonderful events happen in a period of that many years! At the corner of a street around which the wind whistled, seemingly with a cruel anxiety to touch everybody with its icy fingers—I say, at the corner of this street, which seemed to be in partnership with the wind in making people suffer, stood two persons, one a wan faded woman clothed in tattered garments folding a thin shawl around her breast which was racked at frequent intervals with a hollow, hacking cough; the other a beautiful girl, also poorly still neatly clad. While standing there apparently unable to decide which way to turn, the poor woman was suddenly attacked with a fearful fit of coughing and fell fainting to the ground. The beautiful girl screamed for help, and a fine carriage just passing stopped, when a well-dressed gentleman sprang out and ran to the poor woman's assistance. When he saw the face of the fainting woman as he raised her from the ground he gave a start of surprise, and turning quickly to the girl asked her name. She told him it was Arnold, and saying "I thought so," he called the carriage and placed the two ladies in it sprang in himself, and whispering to the driver where to go, they were whirled rapidly away from the cruel corner. It was a long drive, and before the carriage stopped in front of a fine residence in the suburbs of the city the lady had recovered from her fainting fit. After alighting and being ushered into a warm, cosy back parlor of the fine residence the gentleman made known to them who he was. And who was he, reader? None other than Bob White; and the beautiful young lady was Nellie Arnold, the little blue-eyed girl of his boyish dreams; and the wan, pale woman was her mother, the good lady who had so kindly entertained Bob just twenty years before. When this was made known, how they all talked. How Bob told of his struggles and trials after he left them until he had at last become a great lawyer and a rich man. How the poor woman told of sickness and disaster in her family—first her husband, then the curly-headed boy, and finally the sweet little toddler were taken away, and only she and the blue-eyed girl were left to share poverty together; how want had finally drawn them to the great city, and how they had striven and struggled with poverty until this day when they had been cruelly thrust into the street, homeless, penniless; and had Bob not discovered them as he did it is hard to tell what would have become of them. Well, of course Robert White, Esq., as he is now called, offered his unfortunate friends a home in his elegant mansion, and I predict that before another Christmas shall roll round, there will be a wedding between the lawyer and the beautiful blue-eyed girl, notwithstanding the cow lick over Bob's forehead is about as stubborn of control as ever.

Locked Up.

As officer Coulter was taking a turn on his beat about the ware houses and depot buildings last night his attention was called to loud and boisterous sounds emanating from one of a row of houses occupied by some women. Proceeding to the place he gained an entrance, and discovered four or five men in different stages of intoxication, one of them lying flat on his back on the floor apparently in a fit. The proprietress of the place told the officer to clear the house. This he proceeded to do, but had not more than laid his hand on the prostrate man than he received a stunning blow from one of the others, all of them declaring he should not arrest them. Before he had time to enforce his authority he was pinned to the wall and held there for some time by three of the fellows, while the fourth amused himself punching him in the breast and sides. Coulter finally compromised with them and escaped, not before being pretty badly bruised, however. The fellows then proceeded to demolish the building, knocking in a door or two and otherwise damaging the premises. Officer Coulter finally succeeded in summoning a posse and with them proceeded to the scene of disturbance and finally arrested four of the party. They proved to be moulders, two of whom are at work in Byron Jackson's foundry, the others being acquaintances of theirs. They were all locked up, but the two who are at work here were subsequently released on bail. They will be interviewed by P. H. Sibley, Esq., to-day.

Suggestive.

The San Jose *Argus* observes that an old typo, who is not deeply impressed with the morale of the editorial fraternity of California, suggests that the 1st day of April would be a proper time for holding the proposed editorial Convention, and Mud Springs or Milpitas, a suitable place.

* * *

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Christmas Eve.

The great feature of Christmas in Woodland war the entertainment gotten up at Washington Hall by the teachers of the different Sunday Schools, embracing a programme of singing, recitations, tableaux, etc., followed by the distribution of presents. Instead of a tree or trees, two "temples" had been arranged, one on either side of the stage, which were literally covered inside and out with presents of every conceivable kind. The number distributed was so great that half a dozen persons were occupied more than an hour in simply calling the names written upon them and handing them to the little army of distributors, others acting as assistants in taking them from the temples and handing them to the callers. Santa Claus himself of course supervised the arrangement, and took great pains to examine the articles to see if they were appropriate gifts for those for whom they were intended. The immense hall was packed full. It is a very rare thing in our experience to see so large and so happy a crowd as was assembled in Washington Hall on Christmas Eve. In addition to the public festivities at the hall, many families had parties and "trees" at home. So far as we are aware there never was a more pleasant Christmas passed in Woodland.

An Old Timer.

We met and shook hands with William Fowler, Sr., Friday, and had a very interesting interview with him. Uncle Billy, as he is usually called, is a pioneer of Yolo county, having settled here in Nov. 1852. His first place of residence in the county was about three miles northeast from the present site of the town of Woodland, but within less than a year from that time he removed to his present residence, where he has continued to live ever since. He is seventy-three years of age but still shows signs of considerable vitality. Uncle Billy has lived, and, in all probability, will die a poor man, he not possessing the peculiar faculty of saving up money. He has always borne the character of the strictest integrity and honesty, and we hope he will remain with us for years to come. It is interesting and instructive to talk over old times with one of our pioneers. At least we enjoy it very much.

A Pleasant Evening.

Of the many firesides made happy by the return of "Christmas Eve," none could have been more so than that of our fellow-citizen J. D. Laugenour, Esq. To the ordinary incidents of the occasion was added the presence of visiting friends from Iowa. With a majestic Christmas tree, artistically bespangled with lights and jewels, and bending with presents from friend to friend, the scene was enough to make older hearts leap for joy, while the younger ones went wild with delight. The substantial presents amounted to hundreds of dollars. Noticeable among them was a massive watch-chain of exquisite home-manufacture, from native quartz and gold, conveying the compliments of Mr. J. D. Laugenour to his friend H. C. Watkins, Esq.

The Nursery.

The January number of that nice little children's monthly magazine, *The Nursery*, is received. Following are its contents: The Christmas Tree; The New Sled; A Wonderland; My Three Boys; The Snow Flakes; Georgie's Pet Mouse; Bess and the Kitten; Sitting for His Picture; How to Draw a Rooster; Bed-time; A True Story About Our Dog Rino; Old Sluggard; A Wise Bird; Mr. Tottle's Dream; Pounding Rice; Jamie's Yacht Club; A Day on the Ice; Edith and Fido; By-lo-land. Published by John L. Shorley, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, at $1.60 a year in advance.

Our Heavy Taxpayers.

Below we give a list of the taxpayers appearing on the Yolo County roll for 1877-8, which exceed $10,000. We are of the opinion that the exhibit will compare favorably with a similar one made from the roll of any other agricultural county in the State.

Alexander, A	$ 19,065
Agee, C C	11,364
Armstrong & Hyatt	27,600
Allen, J G	23,778
Abbay, Jno A	10,325
Adams, D Q	43,082
Anderson, P H	12,908
Adams, L B	15,289
Bank of Woodland	134,050
Bullock, J P	13,594
Beamer, R L	30,620
Baird Bros	17,195
Blowers, R B	18,364
Bonynge, Rhoda S	36,060
Brown, Jackson	14,775
Bryte, Mike	26,355
Browning, R W	19,610
Browning, W Y	15,135
Barnes, F J	14,600
Bullard, Francis	32,495
Briggs, John R	76,699
Blum & Co	10,750
Brown, J W	33,636
Buob, Chr	21,518
Bandy, James	27,913
Byrnes, John	26,155
Barnes, Silas	25,641
Bingham, A C	13,582
Bemmerly, John—Heirs of	56,727
Brown, H S	12,906
Bemmerly, Mike—Heirs of	84,296
Clark, J J	22,480
Cook, J J	11,430
Coil, Charles	51,666
Clanton, D R	23,060
Clanton, Jno M	15,425
Campbell, W J—Heirs of	24,992
Childs, I W—Estate	32,010
Campbell, J C	13,093
Childs, J W	18,615
Cannedy, W J	11,773
Covell, Calvin	14,190
Cal Quicksilver Mining Co	44,185
Cal C P R R Co	263,270
Crocker, Charles	10,400
Chapman, G W	34,645
Combes & Gordon	59,780
Clasby, John	14,978
Campbell, Basil	25,930
Clark, W J	52,071
Copp, W H H	34,257
Clausen, H A	10,350
Carey, R S	77,026
Davis, C H	20,600
Dennis, Benj	19,620
Dresbach, Wm, & Co	19,373
Dresbach, Wm	10,961
Drummond, L C	10,230
Dresbach, Bane & Co	12,100
Day, C G	51,750
Douglas, Jas A	10,135
Dameron, G M	14,455
Dexter, L	11,855
Devilbiss, John	15,022
Duncan, W H and W S	49,739
Diggs & Sutton	10,727
Dunnigan, A W	11,354
Enos, S M	19,928
Everett, P G	32,064
Eakle, H P	14,580
Eustiss & Jubb	10,459
Ely, I J	24,265
Ely, Benj	50,235
Freeman, F S	27,790
Freeman, F S and J W	59,405
Fitz, Reuben	11,620
Fenner, P C	22,718
Fowler Brothers	10,869
Fisher, Daniel	12,905
Fisher, Arabella	11,355
Friedericks, Henry	34,171
Foster, Jno	11,135
Flournoy, W S	16,568
Fairchilds, H	11,590
Fox, C W	10,720
Gallop, W R	24,330
Gibson, W B	36,4'5
Green, J B	15,247
Grayson, N	13,739
Greiner, Jacob	10,840
Green, C E	37,655
Guthrie, T W	10,910
Griffin, Joseph	28,785
Gordon, Joe	10,600
Garoutte, J M	12,907
Gable, A W & H C	50,713
Goodenow, J P	15,184
Gordon, E E	21,850
Griffith, A	12,790
Green, Jay	14,462
Glascock, Geo	21,160
Glide, Joseph H	13,489
Garnett, L A	23,990
Gilmour & O'Keil	16,152
Gillig, John	21,962
Hall, J H	10,650
Hebron, (Heirs of Geo)	34,275
Hunt, W G	38,950
Hollingsworth, John	32,725
Hurlbut, D B	17,632
Hambleton, J W	13,356
Hayes, William	10,254
Hunt, John	12,340
Hubbard, Chauncy	10,907
Harms, Palm & Co	10,328
Huber, H	10,130
Harlan, J H	55,025
Heinz, Lorenz	12,530
Hext, R & T	37,503
Hill Bros	12,980
Haines, Samuel	20,772
Hannum, W W	14,534
Hoppin, T C	80,550
Hutton (Heirs of James)	13,486
Hatcher, Wm	12,926
Hershey, D N	74,441
Harley, Elias	11,343
Huston Bros	16,600
Hagar, George	32,200
Jackson, Byron	$10,585
Jackson, (Heirs of W M)	30,170
Jones, Jno R	10,150
Jackson, Jno P	14,970
Johnson, Jno A	10,083
Keithly, John	17,067
Kach, Rodolph	12,891
Lowe, E R	77,477
Leman, M	17,465
LaRue, H M	46'709
Lettner, S H	25,700
Laugenour, T F	54,395
Laugenour, Jno D	13,584
Leathers, Jno A	13,725
Martin, Geo C	11,100
Merritt, A A	25,447
McHenry, Jas	19,676
Marders, W H	14,470
Miller, Frank	14,720
Mitchell, H K et als	21,300
Moore, Jas	38,665
McClory, Andrew	11,900
Marshall, Andrew	18,966
Marshall, Campbell	12,813
Miner, N	19,765
McClurg, Judah	22,255
Merritt, H P	60,425
Moore, R E	16,393
Morris, Levi	16,628
Mansfield & Theodore	10,770
Melvin, Joseph	12,792
Mitchell, Mrs S S	10,620
Montgomery, W W	11,657
Miller, E H Jr	23,127
McLaughlin, Chas	16,656
Mills & Colby	23,613
Montgomery, Alexander	16,195
Mering, S N	15,215
Marston, H F	17,531
Manor, W C	13,328
Morris, A W	20,636
McClintic, J P	12,765
Miller, Fred	13,650
McCormack, A G	10,992
McFadgen, J W	11,048
Nickelsburg, A & Bro	10,050
Nelson, Camillus	22,635
Northern Pacific Railway	143,400
Nixon, A H	11,952
Ogden, A J	10,875
Oak Shade Fruit Co	17,450
Pryor, T M	10,565
Porter, A D	21,555
Peart, Benjamin	20,025
Pierce, G W	25,282
Park (Heirs of G W)	11,880
Rhodes, John M	23,354
Ruggles, F C	13,255
Reed, C W	14,090
Russell, F E	15,846
Robinson, Daniel	12,184
Richie, John	19,223
Robinson, A F	31,836
Rahm, M A	10,575
Root, James	16,569
Roberts, Robert	12,894
Reid, C F	64,233
Stephens, Jno D	13,855
Shellhammer, N	13,505
Schindler, David	10,135
Stephens, J J & L D	16,780
Steiner, A J	11,970
Shepard, (Heirs of S W)	18,186
Stephens, G D & J D	79,419
Stephens, B W	11,312
Scott, Geo W	55,826
Swingle, Geo H	15,066
Sacramento Valley Reclamation Co	39,375
St. Louis, Edward	11,279
Schlieman, Ferd	21,215
Thomas & Hunt	15,575
Taylor, John E	11.318
Terrill & Williams	10;375
Todhunter, W B	13,310
Trumpler, Lewis	12,185
Tryon, Anna	10,650
Tanzer, Albert	10,740
Tutt, R E	10,448
Tide Land Reclamation Co	10,976
Tackney, John	14,760
Tebbs, L E	11,151
Unknown Owners	10,092
C V V & C L R R Co	12,665
Wood, H B	10,655
Watkins, Jason	13,225
Wyckoff, N	11,410
Wilcoxson, Jefferson	15,913
Wilcoxson, Jackson	15,217
Welch, Henry	12,290
Winters, Theodore	24,695
Weilger, Fred	12,028
Williams, Thos H	13,370
Woodard, George W	40,434
Woodard, W W	11,776
Wohlfrom, John	21,140
Wilcoxson & Faris	72,100
Zimmerman, J A	12,667

It will de seen from the above that 258 persons and firms are assessed for over 10,000, and the aggregate amount of the assessed valuation of their property is $5,701,253. As the total footing of the assessment roll is only $9,932,975, it will be observed that 58 per cent of the taxes of the county is paid by the above individuals and firms. This showing indicates that if the Assessor has made any discrimination it has not been in favor of the well-to-do tax-payers against the poor men of the county.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

We doubt if our merchants and toy dealers ever had a better or more profitable holiday trade before Christmas than they have enjoyed thus far this year.

A fine ebony lined flute for $6, worth $18, at Uncle Harris', 702 Kearny street, San Francisca. Send for it.

Tobacco and Cigars of the best brands, at the Variety Store. *

L. Dryfus has been confined to his bed by sickness for some days. Upon calling on him yesterday we found him quite feeble, but hopeful of being around again before long. We hope such may be the case.

Books suitable for Holiday Presents, at the Variety Store. *

We were favored by Messrs. Thomas & Bidwell with a very fine turkey for our Christmas dinner and enjoyed it hugely. Messrs. T. & B. are doing a large and an increasing business, and deserve the patronage of the public.

The Capay and Quicksilver stage came in on Monday with six horses attached and filled to its utmost capacity. Hon. Chas. F. Reed was among the passengers.

For the choicest and freshest Candies, Nuts, and other Confectioneries, call at St. Louis' Variety Store.

The Japanese box and bogus jewelry man has been doing quite a lively business selling his wares on the street for several days. Is there not an ordinance imposing a license on street hawkers? and if so has this man been made to comply with the law?

Don't leave your old Castings lying around in your way: Jackson pays a cent a pound for them.

Go to Jackson's New Foundry for all kinds of Machine, Stove and Ornamental Castings. *

F. S. Freeman & Co. are the recipients of a splendid double metallic and glass inkstand, with the thermometer attachment. Messrs Baker & Hamilton of Sacramento were the donors, and the gift was very neat and appropriate, the recipients among of their best customers.

Candy from Twenty-five cents per pound up. Nuts from Fifteen cents per pound up. Also, by the quantity for Christmas trees and parties, at still reduced rates at J. H. Eaton & Sons. *

The discussion heretofore announced to take place at Vacaville between Elder Johnston of the Christian, and Elder Healy of the Seventh-Day Adventist denomination, is to commenced yesterday at 10 o'clock. We learn that both denominations will be represented from Woodland.

For Holiday Presents, go to the Variety Store, opposite the College. *

Again we are called upon to record an act of generosity on the part of Dr. Spence, of the Palace Drug Store. This time some splendid imported Havana cigars, which are superb to a degree. Thanks Dr. and may you prosper and be successful both in business and heart enterprises.

Capay Valley Stove Wood for sale at Jackson's Machine Shop—$6 per cord. *

Our genial, good-looking and altogether devoted friend "Bismark," the gentlemanly clerk and book-keeper of Dryfus & Co., and manager of the Durlacher Club, presented us yesterday with a couple dozen of exceedingly fragrant cigars. Our friend has the thanks of the reporter and attaches of the office for his generous donation.

Andy Weaver has just recovered from an attack of measles.

Mr. H. Stegall is building a new house on his vacant lot next to the Advent Church.

W. W. Brownwell, Esq., has an orange tree in his front yard with several oranges upon it.

Let every lover of good fruits, candies, nuts, cigars, etc., read Uncle Joe's card, new this morning.

M. L. Templeton, who was for several terms Principal of the Woodland District school is in town on a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Ray.

Contractors and builders, read the notice of the Board of Supervisors inviting proposals for building a bridge agross a dry slough near Reardon's ranch.

Messrs. Hubbard & Irwin have purchased the right to manufactnre and sell the celebrated Sprague churn in Yolo county—said to be the most rapid butter-maker invented.

Ellis & Simpson's String Band of Woodland has been engaged to furnish the music for the grand masquerade ball to be given at Centennial Hall, Dixon, next Friday evening, Dec. 28th.

Elder J. N. Pendegast, who has been confined to his home for some days with sickness, we are pleased to announce is much better, and will, without a relapse, be around again in a day or two.

The public school of Woodland closed on Friday at noon for the holidays, the vacation to continue two weeks. We trust that both teachers and scholars will enjoy themselves nicely during the vacation.

The College term closed for a two weeks' holiday vacation on Friday last, having had an average attendance of 100, and showing a very satisfactory degree of proficiency. January 7th the College will open again.

The January number of Scribner's Illustrated Monthly Magazine is received, and is really elegant in contents and style. It is not surpassed, if equalled, by any magazine published. Scribner & Co., New York. $4 per year, or 35 cents a number.

For the best Toys in the market, go to St. Louis' Variety Store. *

Friends—ladies in particular—a suggestion: Take advantage at once of the fine weather and large stocks of holiday goods to purchase your presents. If you wait till the last day or two before Christmas the choice will not be good, and the chances are that it may rain about that time.

An eight-stop Estey Organ, a seven-stop Smith Organ and a ten-stop Clough & Warren Organ, for sale very cheap at Green's jewelry store. *

The first iron was melted in the furnace of Jackson's new foundry Thursday. He is now ready to do all kinds of simple moulding, and from his advertisement will buy all old castings and scraps of iron that will be presented for sale at his shop. We hope his enterprise will be successful.

Buy the Sherman & Hyde Square Grand Piano. *

We understand that on Friday one of the principals in the scrimmage on Lincoln Avenue was found guilty by his honor Judge Sibley, of disturbing the peace. The other three had their trial before a jury yesterday, and were acquitted. Our opinion is if one was guilty they all were.

Buy the celebrated Estey Organ, Sherman, Hyde & Co. Agents, San Francisco.

Professor J. Monroe Feltz, County Superintendent of San Luis Obispo county, and Principal of the San Luis Obispo school, was in town on a visit to his numerous friends last week. He is looking well, and to all appearance is the same old Feltz, only a little older. He will return home in a few days.

Sherman, Hyde & Co., San Francisco, sell Pianos and Organs on easy terms. *

Dr. Spence, of Spence & Boulton at the Palace drug store, presented us yesterday with a nice inkstand. It is of bronze metal and represents the old Independence Bell. The design is unique and tasty, and the generous donors have our thanks. They have several others of the same pattern for sale at their fine store.

Weber Pianos took first premium at the Centennial. *

Charley Clapp says the Madison *Herald* is not dead, but sleepeth until another year shall have been gathered to the myriads which have passed, and a new one ushered in to take its place. Then the *Herald* will again present its smiling face, and will doubtless do honor to its publishers. We hope to see the *Herald* succeed.

All the great artists use the Weber Piano. *

C. S. Thomas and Dr. A. Strong, the enterprising gentlemen who are building the "Excelsior" block on Main street, consume a great deal of valuable time by sitting on a goods box in front of the Variety Store, contemplating the progress of the work. We joyfully look forward to the time when that structure shall be completed.

Sherman & Hyde will exchange organs for pianos, and new instruments for old ones. *

In the fracas Thursday night officer Meador got a good punch on his Grecian bugle entirely reversing the style of that interesting organ. It now represents the Patagonian variety. Billy Dutchesse also got a winder from the right duke of one of the belligerants, which left his right optic in a beautiful eclipse. "Oh," Bill says, "We had lots of *fun*." We should think so.

Mrs. Edwards, teacher of vocal and instrumental music. Orders left at Green's Jewelry Store. *

John Hollingsworth complained to us yesterday that in interviewing parties concerning their notions about the season we neglected him. This is so, and we now desire to give his opinion. He says the signs go to prove both a wet and dry season, and says if it rains twenty inches it will be wet, and should only five or six inches fall it will undoubtedly be dry. We thanked him for the information and passed on.

Mrs. Edwards will take orders for Sherman, Hyde & Co's Pianos, and will sell them at San Francisco prices. *

The Chico *Record* complains of the bad boys of that town, citing as an instance of the depravity of the Chico youth a story of the stealing of a hen and the subsequent sale of the same to a female resident of Celestial decent. We of Woodland are not the most fortunate in our assortment of boys. We do not think they would steal chickens, but in the matter of disposing of bad whiskey, and making night hideous while under the effects thereof, we think we are on top.

Sherman & Hyde's is the largest music house on the Pacific Coast. Buy only of responsible Agents. *

A slight bear movement has been preceptible in the Woodland market for a day or two, the principal attack being made on Excelsior. Shares are being offered openly at 80 cents, and as yet we have heard of no takers. McMillan is seldom spoken of now, and the other mines in the Globe district are in statu quo, the Blue Bird only having a slight upward tendency. We should like to see some lively operating before long. It makes interesting items for the paper, and gives a semblance of lively times on the street.

Sherman & Hyde Square Grand, four round corners, only $500. Warranted for ten years.

Every dog within a radius of two miles of our bedroom joined in a canine chorus Thursday night, the entertainment commencing about 10 o'clock and continuing without intermission until the dawn of the following day. The measure and purity of tone delivered by these midnight serenaders was hardly up to the standard aspired to by the Handel and Haydn Society, and should the performers of that night charge an admission to a similar entertainment we are convinced they would not have a crowded house.

Go to G. W. Greene for Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise. *

Prof. Sturges, for a long time a member of the faculty of Hesperian College, is on a visit to Woodland. He is engaged in teaching in the public schools of San Francisco, where he has for some years met with merited appreciation. The Professor has a slight attack of the Arizona Mining fever, being a modest holder of "Silver Nuggett" shares. The Specimens he exhibits from that mine are very flattering, assaying from $10 to $4,500 per ton. As it is a foregone conclusion that the Professor will never get rich in the scholastic profession, we hope he may realize his wildest dreams in his mining enterprise.

Stephen T. Kirk, a very promising young lawyer of Colusa, died at that place Monday morning last, at 10 o'clock. His fatal illness came upon him very suddenly, and he lived but a day after being stricken down. Mr. Kirk was well known and highly esteemed in legal circles of upper California, and his ability as a lawyer, his eloquence, and his fine social qualities served to make him exceedingly popular. His loss will be severely felt in Colusa county.

Boston Wool Market.

BOSTON, December 22.—Wool transactions of the week do not indicate a very active market, but there is a confident feeling that prices are as low as they are likely to be for some time to come. Inquiry runs principally for X and medium fleeces; and while fine wools are comparatively quiet, holders are not disposed to urge sales. Stocks have recently become considerably reduced, and a more active and better movement is expected after the 1st of January. Sales include Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, No. 1, XX and above, at 44@46c; Michigan, 38½@42c; No. 1 and X Wisconsin, 39½@41c; New York, Maine and other fleeces, 33½@46c; delaine and combing, 50@55c; unwashed combing, 27½@30½c; super and X pulled, 30@47c. In California wool a fair business is doing. Sales include 450,000 pounds at 19½@34 for Spring, and 13@22c for Fall. Desirable lots of both Spring and Fall are in fair request. Sales of domestic during the week aggregate 1,065,900 pounds.

Grant at Vesuvius.

The steady old reliable *Examiner* perpetrates the following about our beloved ex-President: "The telegraph reports the Radical Ulysses at Vesuvius. While he is making free with that greater smoker than himself, he ought to be careful how he chances a drop of that crater.

DIED.

In Woodland, December 25th, 1877, infant son of D. A. Mitchell, aged 1 month and 11 days.

Funeral to-day, at 11 o'clock, A.M., from the family residence.

When a Lady sprinkles her dressing-room with MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, it becomes to one sense at least a delicious floral bower. No tropical grove can exhale a rarer fragrance.

There are 2,600,000 yeast cells in one of Leef's Yeast Cakes—try one.

NEW MUSIC STORE!

N.W. COR. SIXTH AND J STREETS,
SACRAMENTO!

Pianos, Organs
SHEET MUSIC,
All kinds of Smaller Musical Instruments,
FANCY GOODS,
ZEPHYR WOOL, SILVER AND GOL CARD BOARD.
CANVASS & BEADS.

New Goods received nearly every day.

We have reduced the price of Zephyrs which have sold in Sacramento heretofore for 35 and 25 cents per ounce, to 15 cents per ounce.

GIVE US A CALL!
JOHN F. COOPER.
jy12-5ptf

THE SUN.
1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The **Daily Sun** is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 55 cents a month, or $6.50 per year.

The **Sunday** edition of THE SUN is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter specially prepared for it. THE SUNDAY SUN has met with great success. Post paid $1.20 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counsellor and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the family and the fireside. Terms: **One Dollar** a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address, PUBLISHER OF THE SUN,
no15w8t New York City.

New Furniture Store!
T. J HORN,
Desires to inform the residents of Woodland and vicinity that he has just started a New Furniture Store in
WASHINGTON HALL, WOODLAND,
And respectfully solicits their patronage. A stock of Furniture on hand.
Furniture Made to Order.
☞ *Repairing Done on Short Notice.*
Please give me a call. T. J. HORN.
no17w3m

LOTS FOR SALE
IN CACHEVILLE.
LEONARD KNIGHT,
Of Cacheville, offers for sale a number Village Lots in Cacheville,
AT LOW PRICES!
And on Favorable Terms to the Purchaser.
The Lots are Eligibly Located
And desirable for Residences or other purposes.
LEONARD KNIGHT, Proprietor.
Cacheville, Dec. 5th, 1877. de5w1m*

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY CLAUDE FLORANCE.

I.

"I've brought you a flower," a merry maid said,
As she plucked out the rose that she wore in her hair;
"You must press it to keep till the gulf of the past
Shall sparkle its waves o'er the love that you swear.
And perchance when you open the page of the book
Where this timid young flower shall withering lay,
When the innocent blush from its cheeks shall have fled
And its once gentle perfume been wafted away;
It may bring back the thought of a too trusting heart,
Who had painted her love on the sands of the shore.
And the tide had crept in, and the tide had crept out,
And the sands were still there, but the picture—no more."

II.

This was fifty years past. The dancing is o'er,
And the reveling guests are all weary and gone.
The lights were all dimmed in the old festal hall,
And over the grate we were sitting alone.
Fifty years past, and to-night as we sat,
Her soft dimpled hands in mine own lay at rest,
And her bright hazel eyes thro' the tresses of white
Were peeping at me, like a bird from its nest;
And there we were reading that good, holy book,
And wearily turning from page unto page,
And each look'd to each as I bent down the leaf
Where this flower was hiding, all wither'd from age.

III.

And may be the glow did not steal o'er her cheek,
And may be a tear did not creep from mine eye,
And may be the words that we spoke were not sweet
As I clasp'd her frail form to my bosom so nigh
That heart unto heart could in unison beat,
As we fondled the flower that withering lay.
And may be no memories crowded around
As we folded the volume and laid it away,
For many and many a picture we've traced
On the sands of the shore in our hope and despair,
And the tide has crept in and the tide has crept out—
The pictures have fled, but the sands are still there.

A Serious Cat-Bite

IT KILLS AN ENFIELD MAN—WAS IT HYDROPHOBIA OR IMAGINATION ?

The northeastern corner of Hampshire county has been much excersised over the death of Elbridge E. Cabot, one of Enfield's selectmen and best citizens, the result of a cat-bite on the thumb received September 20. Mr. Cabot's sickness was accompanied by the most violent attacks of insanity, and he died Monday night of something like hydrophobia. The doctors decide, however, that the symptoms were not pronounced enough for hydrophobia, but that the cat-bite caused the death. Mr. Cabot died quietly and with no convulsions, though whenever any one touched him he behaved as did Prof. Alvergnat of Hartford, whose case Mr. Cabot had closely studied. He had been very excitable always, and it seems likely that brooding over the Hartford case led him to worry himself insane and to death.

The cat that bit Mr. Cabot had been a family pet for a long time, and there is no direct proof that she was ever bitten by a mad dog or showed any of the usual symptoms of hydrophobia. A day or two later a five-years-old boy named Thayer, a ward of Mr. Cabot's, was playing in the field some distance from the house, when the same cat seized him by the hand. His cries were heard by a neighbor a quarter of a mile off, who, when he had reached the spot, was unable to pull the cat off, and had to kill her in order to detach her from the boy. The boy is too young to suspect any danger, but he has begun to complain within a few days of pains which run up the leg that was bitten, and then down the arm on that side of his body. The attack of the cat on him was generally noised abroad, but Mr. Cabot kept his own bite a secret for some time. For eight weeks his outward life was as usual, but those who knew him best could see that he appeared not a little worried. At the beginning of last week he began to feel ill, and on Wednesday afternoon consulted Dr. Thompson of Belchertown, at first carefully avoiding any intimation that he thought hydrophobia might be the trouble, supposing that the doctor hadn't heard of his case. The physician, however, was posted on the cat-biting accident, although he didn't care to admit it. Finally Mr. Cabot asked the doctor if he discovered any symptoms of hydrophobia, and the physician answered no, but that something was making Mr. Cabot very nervous and he must tell him what it was. Chloral was prescribed, and it kept Mr. Cabot quiet for 24 hours till Thursday evening. During the day on Thursday Mr. Cabot's symptoms, although indicating the possibility of hydrophobia, were not especially pronounced, although he could neither eat or drink.

Late on Thursday evening when the effect of the medicine had subsided and Mr. Cabot was surrounded by a number of neighbors, the patient began to rave. He first struck unsuccessfully out for Mr. Thompson, who sat in front of him on the bed, and then began pounding Dr. Towne and another man who were back of him. He soon rose up in his strength, seized a couple of lanterns, and, scattering the crowd before him, rushed through one of the back windows of the house, taking most of it with him. Once in the yard, he tried to let loose the doctor's horse, but, finding the owner there before him, he threw one lantern at the horse's head and the other at the head of the man who was trying to approach him. A scrimmage followed, in which nobody was especially hurt, after which Cabot ran into the house and locked all the doors. A parley ensued among the outsiders, and a messenger was sent to the village for reinforcements. Then three men were detailed to work at the back door and as many at the front, and both were forced, the six men rushing in as nearly together as possible. They were provided with a blanket to throw over the patient's head, so that he might not bite, and they finally succeeded in binding him on the bed with cords. Meanwhile he was crying out that they might kill him, which he said was what they were trying to do. Afterward, when the doctor remarked to him that they were sorry to be compelled to bind him, he replied, "No apology is necessary." Mr. Cabot came out of his frenzy before light the next day, and was quiet during the entire day. The doctor pronounced him wholly rational at noon, and in the afternoon he made his will. The cords were removed and hand-cuffs placed on his wrist, his ankles being confined with straps. The doctor had to argue with him a little to get him to accept the hand-cuffs, but he fianlly did it willingly.

Mr. Cabot is a fine looking man, large and muscular, and as he sat on the bed writing his will last week he looked the picture of health. While the doctors hold back their decision, local opinion is inclined to regard the case as resulting from imagination rather than actual poison coming from virus of the cat. Soon after the boy was bitten Mr. Cabot called on Dr. Towne and asked what could be done for him. The conversation turned on the disease in general, and the visitor expressed a strong desire to know its symptoms. So the doctor, not suspecting Cabot had any personal cause for inquiry, took his medical journal and read aloud the detailed report of the Hartford case, which resulted in the death of Prof. Alvergnat last May. Knowing his peculiarly nervous temperament, the doctor believes Cabot has been brooding over the contents of that paper, equal to three or four columns of the *Republican* ever since, and the man died according to the method therein prescribed.

The cat is believed to have been mad, and certainly stood a good chance of having been bitten. The *Republican* of September 18 contained an account of a mad dog's raid through nearly the whole of Belchertown. He came from Enfield on the 15th, and spattered forth on the dogs he bit so that they, too, ran mad before night. The whole region has been heavily cursed with hydrophobia, a mad dog having bitten three persons in the north part of Belchertown in 1876, one of whom, a young man, died a horrible death a few weeks later. One of the others was killed by an accident the next summer, never having shown signs of the disease, and he saved himself by keeping full of whisky. The little Thayer boy, who lived with Mr. Cabot, has been sent to his grandmother's at Greenwich, and no little anxiety is expressed as to whether he, too young to become a prey to imagination, will fall a victim to the disease.—*Springfield Republican, Dec.* 7.

A Wonderful Sight.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum. "On Tuesday, Zip one of Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conklin examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side."

Mr. Donohue meditated briefly, as though picturing the scene in his mind, and then said: "Yes, in all my experience as a night watchman among beasts, I never saw such a thing in my life. At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner, sobbing and moaning. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips, Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter assented.

"But there's a stranger thing about it yet," Mr. Donnohue continued; "at midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly, and Barnum's man say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack, he gave a low squeal, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on his breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a shrill squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and, as Zip did not move, sprung to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that strange l"

The reporter assented.

"Then sir," continued Mr. Donohue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the Park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams. The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip. Finally Pete and Jake, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage. They were all silent now, moving slow, and in form of a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer. Then hugging close, they stopped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one, for earnestness and sympathy."

After a pause, Mr. Donohue said, "He'll be stuffed."

"Who?" the reporter asked.

"Zip, of course," was the reply.

—*New York Sun.*

The Marriage of Cousins.

The *Sun* for some time past has made itself the organ for young lovers, and discusses with gravity and generally with good sense the questions of etiquette and decorum in the relation of the sexes before marriage. It has given advice touching the propriety of sitting up after she old folks have gone to bed, whether the lovers should "pull down the blinds," and it has also supplied useful hints to be remembered in "popping the question." This morning, however, it undertakes to answer more abstruse queries. It thinks, on the whole, that cousins had better not marry; but the judgment is so hesitatingly made that it is evident the learned editor is in somewhat of a fog as to the facts in the ease. Now, the rule with regard to the marriage of persons of allied blood seems to be that wherever there is a marked tendency, whether it is with the ascending or the descending grade, whether it leads to greater strength or healthfulness, or to disease and mental degeneracy, it is intensified in the offspring of cousins, or those whose blood is related. If two persons, cousins, are both good specimens of the *genus homo*, sound in wind and limb, and have excellent general health, the probabilities are that the offspring will be superior to the parents. If the cousins are weakly, consumptive, scrofulous, or if there is insanity in the family, why, then, it is more than probable that the offspring will develop the inherited tendency, and be diseased or idiotic. Hence the conflicting statements made with regard to the intermarriage of relatives. It is true that in some instances the race is improved and in other cases deteriorated by such intermingling of allied bloods. As the general standard of health at the present time is not high, the chances are against a marriage of first cousins being prudent or commendable. This is a very fruitful subject. It will be remembered that in ancient Babylonian and Egyptian civilization the ruling race was kept pure by the constant intermarriage of a brother and sister. The Jewish race, according to Biblical annals, sprang from a union of Abraham and his half-siter Sara, and all along in the early history of the Jews incestuous unions were very common. The type of race thus developed exists to this day in all its marked peculiarities. As a general thing, cousins should not marry, but if the inclination is strong they should submit themselves to medical advice, and form unions only after having the sanction of physiology as well as of affection.—*Ex.*

A RACINE girl baby has just been born into the world with seven fingers on each hand.—[Philadelphia Chronicle. Won't she make the piano of the future sick?—[Easton Free Press.

Financial and Commercial.

NEW YORK, December 22, 1877.—Gold opened a 102¾; at 11 A. M., 102⅝; at 3 P. M., 102⅝; United States Bonds—1867, 108⅞; 1881, 106¾; Sterling Exchange, $4 81½@$4 86; Pacific Mail, 21¼; Western Union, 77½; Panama Railroad, 126; California Wool, quiet; Spring fleece, 20@25c.; burry, 13@16c.; pulled, 30@35c.; Fall clip, 17@20c.; burry, 16@20c; Whale Oil, dull, 52@60c.; Winter-bleached, 63@72c.; Sperm Oil, dull, $1 03@$1 05; Winter-bleached, $1 23@1 28, Hides, steady, 21@21½c.; Cotton, firm; N. Y. Wheat, dull, $1 50@$1 58; Flour, dull.

LIVERPOOL, December 22, 1877.—Average California Wheat, 12s 7d@12s 10d; Club, 12s 10d@13s 3d.

LONDON, December 22.—Consols, 95 5-16@95¼; U. S. Bonds: 5's, 106½; 4½'s, 104¾.

Currency is quoted at 97¾ buying and 98 selling.

Half Dollars are quoted 4⅞ per cent discount buying and 4½@4⅝ per cent discount selling.

Trade Dollars are quoted at 95½ buying and 95¾@95½ selling.

Mexican Dollars, 93½ buying and 94 selling.

Fine Silver was quoted in New York to-day at $1 16⅜, gold, per ounce, and in London at 53¾d.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, December 22.—The grain markets have been very active this week. Wheat especially has been fluctuating rapidly, and has been a fine speculative market, which operators have improved to its utmost limit. The movement in prices has been steadily and decidedly downward, with cash maintaining its normal condition, a trifle lower than the options. Corn has also been active and fluctuating in a well patronized market. Prices have ruled lower, but not steadily so. Cash prices were higher than options, and the cash deal was the more active. Oats were neither very active nor interesting, and an abrupt drop of ½c, at the close of the week, after a steady market, was the distinguishing feature of the market. Prices for January Wheat were $1 07¼@1 11½. The lowest price was to-day and the highest on Monday last. January Corn, 41⅝@42½c.; Oats, 24⅜@25¼c. The prices of provisions were, considering the heavy receipts of hogs, the unfavorable weather for packing, and the shrinkage in European prices, moderately well sustained, and the market was pretty active. Pork showed considerable weakness at times, but was prevented from serious drop by large orders from English buyers. December Pork is at a heavy discount, having sold from $11 80 down to $11, which was the closing figure to-day. It is known as old. Lard was fairly active with good prices throughout the week, chiefly owing to the belief that there is a large short interest in Eastern cities in this commodity. Shipments of Lard during the week are the largest on record. Whisky has sold at $1 05@1 06, the only prices this week. Closing cash rates were: Wheat, $1 07¼, Corn, 43c.; Oats, 24¼c.; Rye, 56c.; Barley, 61c. Pork, $11 75@11 80; Lard, $7 95; Whisky, $1 06.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

BOSTON, December 22.—Wool is steady and firm for domestics, with a fair demand and sales at full prices. There is no marked activity in the demand, but the aggregate sales foot up a fair average, and the market has a more confident tone than for some months past. There is no prospect of any material advance in prices, yet a steady and firm market is expected for the remainder of the season. Sales comprise Ohio and Pennsylvania fleece, medium, XXX and above, at 42½@46c.; Michigan, Wisconsin, New York and other fleeces, at 38@43c.; combing and delaine fleeces, at 40@55c.; unwashed combing at 38@40c.; scoured at 37@74c.; super and X pulled, 30@47½c. In California Wool sales comprise 166,500 pounds Spring, at 22@35c; 427,300 pounds Fall, at 12@25c. Total sales of domestic for the week were 1,412,300 pounds.

PRODUCE MARKET.

[The following quotations of Flour and Grain are for gold, unless otherwise specified.]

FLOUR—We quote Superfine at $5 00@5 50; shipping Extras, in cargo lots, $6 50@7 00 and $7 62½ in jobbing lots, the last for silver.

WHEAT—The market was quiet and unchanged to-day. Sales of 810 ctls fair shipping, $2 35; 1,300 do good milling, $2 40. We quote shipping $2 35 @2 40; milling, $2 37½@2 42½ ℘ ctl.

BARLEY—The market is without new features; prices steady. Sale 150 sks fair Bay feed, $1 65; 550 do good Bay feed, $1 67½. We quote Feed at $1 62½@1 70; brewing, $1 72½@1 75 ℘ ctl.

OATS—We quote feed at $1 70@1 95; milling, $1 95@2 10 ℘ ctl.

CORN—We quote large Yellow at $1 65@1 72½; large White and small Round, $1 77½@1 85 per ctl. Sale of 80 sks small Round, $1 85 @ ctl.

RYE—We quote $2 37½@2 50 ℘ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—We quote at $1 50@1 55 ℘ ctl.

POTATOES—At the close of the week the market is firm and prices have an upward tendency. 150 sks good Petalumas sold to-day at $1 40, and they may be quoted at $1 25@1 45. Early Rose are quotable at $1 50@1 65, and River Reds at 90c@$1 05. Sweets sell from $1 25 down to 75c ℘ ctl, although a strictly choice article would fetch $1 50.

ONIONS—The receipts for the week aggregate 3,400 sks, against 861 sks the preceding week. The market is weak. We quote 40@65c ℘ ctl, and Top Onions, 7½c ℘ ℔.

HAY—We quote for the different varieties: Wheat, $18@23; tame and wild oat, $16@18; barley, $16@18; Alfalfa, $16@17; stock, $14@16 ℘ ton. The market is quite stiff at these prices.

STRAW—Quotable at 75@80c ℘ bale, and quite scarce.

GROUND BARLEY—Is now selling from the mills at $38@40 ℘ ton—the outside figure for silver.

CORNMEAL—Is in fair demand from the mills at 2½@3c; feed, $38 50@40 50 ℘ ton—the outside figure for silver.

OIL CAKE MEAL—The mill price is now fixed at $44 ℘ ton, less the usual discount.

BRAN—The price of Bran from the mills is $27 50@30 ℘ ton.

MIDDLINGS—The mill price now stands at $40 ℘ ton.

SEEDS—We quote, silver: Flax, ℘ ℔ 3@3½c; Mustard, white, 5c; Mustard, brown, 2@2½c; Canary, 6@7c; Alfalfa, 10@12½c; Timothy, 8@10c.

BEANS—We quote, silver: Pea, ℘ ctl., $3 20@3 40; Small White, $3 15@3 25; Butter, $3 00@3 20; Bayo, $4 00@4 35; Pink, $3 85@4 12½; Red, $3 75@4 00; Lima, $4 25@4 50.

EGGS—The demand is good. We quote California, 45@50c; Eastern, 35@40c; do Lime, 25c; Salt Lake, 45c ℘ doz.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—The tendency of Butter is upward. Fresh Roll is coming in very freely. We quote half silver rates as follows: Fresh Roll ℘ ℔., 27½@32½c; do, 2d quality, 20@25c; Pickled Roll, ℘ ℔, 22½@25c; Firkin, new, 20@25c; do Eastern, 15@18c; California Cheese, 18@20c; Eastern, 18@20c.

PROVISIONS—Following are current rates: Eastern Hams, 16@17c; California do, 12@12½c; California Bacon, 12½@14c; Smoked Beef, 10@11c; Lard, tierces, 12½@14c; do tins, 10 ℔s, 11@12½c; do do, 5 ℔s, 11½@12½c.

POULTRY—We quote: Hens, ℘ doz, $6 00@7 50; Young Roosters, $6 00@7 50; Old Roosters, $5 00@5 50; Broilers, $5 00@7 00; Ducks, ℘ doz, $7 00@9 00; Turkeys, ℘ ℔, 17@19c; do, dressed, ℘ ℔, 19@21c; Geese, ℘ pair, $2 00@2 50.

GAME—Venison, ℘ ℔, 6@10c; Rabbit, $1 ℘ doz; Hare, $1 50@2 50; Quail, $1 25; Mallards, $2 50@3; Sprigs, $1 25@1 75; Widgeon, $1 00@1 25; Teal, $1 00@1 25; Gray Geese, $1 50@2 00; English Snipe $1 25@1 50; common do, 75c@$1 ℘ doz.

BEESWAX—Choice brings 30@31c ℘ ℔.

HONEY—We quote choice White, in frames, at 18@22½c; No. 2, 12½@15c; Dark, 10@12½c; Strained, 12½@15c ℘ ℔.

NUTS—California Walnuts, are selling at 9@10c; Chile Walnuts, 7@8c; Peanuts, 3@5c; California Almonds, 12@16c, do hard shell, 6@7c ℘ ℔; Chestnuts, 15@17c ℘ ℔; new Hickory Nuts, 10c, and Pine Nuts, 15@16c ℘ ℔.

FRUIT—We quote: Oranges, ℘ M, $15 00@25 00; Limes, $7 50@12 50; Los Angeles do, $2 50@3 50; Sicily Lemons, ℘ box, $10 00@12 50; California do, 100, $2 50@3 00; Cocoanuts, ℘ 100, $7 00@8 00; Bananas, ℘ bunch, $2 50@5 00; Pineapples, ℘ doz, $8 00@10 00; Pears ℘ box, 75c@$1; Winter Nellis, ℘ box, $1 25@1 75; Prunes, ℘ ℔, 5@7; Cranberries, ℘ ℔ 12½@13c; Apples, common, ℘ box, 75c @$1 00; choice do, $1@1 50; Grapes, ℘ box, 75c@$1 00; do Muscat, box, $1 00@1 50; do Tokay, $1 50@1 75; Black Morocco, box, $1 25.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote: Apples, ℘ ℔, 4@6c; Pears, 4@8c; Peaches, 7½@8½c; Plums, 3@4c; do, pitted, 12½@15c; Figs, white, 6@8c; do black, 4@7c; Prunes, 12½@16c; Raisins, bxs, $1@2; do halves, $1 25@2 25; do. qrs, 1 50@2 50; do Blowers, $2 75; Dried Grapes, ℘ ℔, 3@5c; Dates, ℘ ℔, 9@10c.

VEGETABLES—We quote: Cabbage, ℘ ctl, 87½c @$1 12½; Cauliflower, doz, 75c@$1 00; Green Peas, 5@7c; String Beans, 4@6c; Carrots, 60@75c ℘ ctl; Marrowfat Squash, ton, $5 00@6 00; Garlic, ℘ ℔, 1@2c; Tomatoes, ℘ box, 25@75c; Dry Okra, 12@15c.

HIDES—Dry are quiet at 17½c; dry Kip and Calf, 12@13c; salted Hides 8c for light, and 9c for heavy steers; salted Kip, 8c; salted Calf, 7@10c ℘ ℔; Long Wool Pelts, 70c@$1 00; medium do, 30@50c; short, 20@30c; Shearlings, 10@15c; Deer Skins—Summer, 22@25c; Fall and Winter do, 15@20c ℘ ℔. Mexican Dry Hides are 1c ℘ ℔ cheaper than California.

TALLOW—Quotable at 5½@6c for ordinary, and 6½@6¾ in shipping order.

A NEW KIND OF A CHRISTMAS BOX.—Nothing can be droller than to hang up one's stockings, and nothing prettier or more full of meaning than a Christmas tree. But for some of you who like to make a novelty in those time-honored ways, we will just mention that it is good fun to make a "Christmas pie" in an enormous tin dish pan, with a make-believe crust of yellow cartridge paper, ornamented with twirls and flourishes of the same, held down with pins, and have it served on Christmas Eve, full of pretty things and sugar-plums, jokes and jolly little rhymes fastened to the parcels. The cutting should be done beforehand, and hidden by the twirls of paper, but the carver can pretend to use his knife and fork, and, spooning out the packages, will insure a merry time for all at the table.

HOTEL KEEPERS are people we have to put up with.

How the Czar Confers Honors.

Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table, writes the *London Times*' war correspondent in Bucharest, referring to the Czar. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it, and perhaps, half a dozen sword knots of honor—the riband of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectaiton is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name, all make room for the envied man to pass, he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks of his friends.

The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all the power and authority absolutely in one center. The Czar is the earthly providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with the mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping, with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it around half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost. Yet, with all this spurring, there is something wanting. It is the individuality and the habit of spontaneous action, which only the education and modes of thought of a free people can supply. Whether it be the long-standing taint of serfdom, whether it be too much imperialism, the initiative is wholly absent. You tell the Russian what to do, and he will spring to it like an obedient child. In a year it never would have occurred to him to do it of himself.

THE diseases arising from compression of the chest and body in early life are not exclusively restricted to the female sex. School-boys and youths constantly practice the habit of binding up their clothes around their bodies by means of a belt tightened firmly above the hips, instead of wearing the braces over the shoulders. Some boys and youths are also taught the plan of putting on an extra belt for "holding in the breath" before they run or leap. In the pursuit of certain active businesses, in which weights have to be carried, this same system of wearing a tight belt is adopted and practiced by workingmen, until the artificial support, as it is assumed to be, becomes like the corset of a woman, a veritable necessity. To the belt the same objection applies as to the tight band and corset. It impedes the free action of the abdomnial organs; it impedes the freedom of the respiration; it interferes with the circulation; in the young athletes who wear it while they are running, rowing, climbing or wrestling it tends to bring on hernia—rupture.—*Diseases of Modern Life.*

YOUNG men turn over a new leaf about January 1st, while young women turn over old leaves early in the autumn.

Nourishing Blood.

The blood imparts to the body the elements which are essential to its existence. When these are insufficiently supplied, its energies begin to flag, there is a loss of flesh, the muscles grow flaccid, the reflective powers lose vigor—every function is disturbed, every organ weakened. Under these circumstances it is obvious that the constitution must soon give way unless the vital fluid is enriched. To accomplish this object, recourse should be had without delay to that grand fertilizer of the blood, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes assimilation of the food and is the means of rendering the circulation rich and active. The good effects of the great tonic are speedily apparent in a gain of bodily vigor and mental energy. A regular action of the various organs also result from its use, the good work of bodily reform goes rapidly on, and eventually health is established upon a sure basis.

Mrs. General Sherman,

Wife of the General of the United States Army, says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with Rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic." Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

38—38.—38.—38.

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RUPTURE
CURED.

DR. MARSH'S TRUSSES ARE THE ONLY Trusses that will relieve and cure Hernia. They are light, perfectly elastic, allow free muscular action of the abdominal walls; retain their position at all times; obviate the pressure upon the spine, pubic bone and spermatic cord, and will not produce Lumbago. We have over 100 different styles of trusses that are in use, from $1 50 upwards, including a half dozen different patterns of ELASTIC TRUSSES. Also all forms of the German, French and American makes, Shoulder Braces, Ladies' Belts, Money Belts, Suspensories, Apparatus for Deformities, etc. We manufacture any special appliances that may be required. MARSH TRUSS CO., 513 Montgomery Street, corner Commercial, San Francisco. Send for circular. Read the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1877.

MARSH TRUSS CO., 513 Montgomery St.—Gentlemen: I had been suffering from RUPTURE for over 22 years and had used different styles of Trusses, but could obtain no relief from them. Seeing your advertisement, I called upon you about two years ago, and was fitted with one of Dr. Marsh's Patent Trusses. After wearing the same for six months, to my surprise I found that I was entirely cured, and have worn no Truss since, now over 18 months. I say to my surprise, as I was 46 years old at that time. I make this statement that others, as well as yourselves, may be benefitted by it. Wishing you every success, I give you liberty to make any use of this letter you may deem proper.

Yours Respectfully,
FRANK MERRILL,
Corner Stockton and Pacific Sts.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of New York, says he is in the habit of applying Dr. Marsh's Patent Truss to the exclusion of all others, and in [illegible] experience of 18 years found in a majority of [illegible] radical cure of Rupture was effected in a very [illegible] months. His letter given below is sufficient authority to convince the Ruptured of the superior qualities of DR. MARSH'S CURATIVE TRUSSES, they having a reputation of nearly 50 years and attained such a degree of perfection that the principal Physicians of this city recommend them in preference to other makes. Read the following:

No. 758 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I have been in the habit of applying and recommending the Truss manufactured by Dr. S. N. Marsh for the last eighteen years, to the exclusion of all others, and have found it to give general satisfaction, effecting a radical cure, in the majority of cases in a very few months. As a Truss for the radical cure of Hernia, I think it far preferable to any I have ever examined.

LEWIS A. SAYRE, M. D.,
Surgeon Bellevue Hospital.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Carrying the U. S. Mail and the Express.

The Elegant Steamers of this Company leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, EVERY WEEK for

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And for Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, and San Diego and other ports about EVERY THIRD DAY.

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REGULAR STEAMERS TO PORTLAND leaving San Francisco every FIVE DAYS until further notice—Steamships

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TICKETS TO ALL POINTS ON THE O. and C. R R. SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

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CITIES, TOWNS, MINES, RANCHES AND ALL WATER COURSES.

For descriptive books send to

AMERICAN PIPE CO.,
22 California Street, San Francisco.

EYE and EAR SPECIALTY. REMOVAL.

W. J. PAUGH, M. D., 621 CLAY ST. Treatment of the Eye and Ear has been my specialty for the last 27 years.

CATARRH

Positively cured by Constitutional Treatment for the Blood, with the aid of my NASAL TUBES for the treatment of the Nostril. The Throat, Lungs, Liver, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and Skin Diseases; also disease of the Kidneys and Genito-Urinary organs treated successfully. ELECTRICITY scientifically and successfully applied in all NERVOUS AFFECTIONS and RHEUMATISM. Medical and Surgical Treatment in all Diseases.

Call on or address W. J. PAUGH, M. D., 621 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal. (over the Clay Street Savings Bank—Rooms 1, 2 and 3).

N. B.—ARTIFICIAL EYES—large assortment always on hand.

San Francisco, May 30, 1877.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers, take pleasure in remarking the increased demand for Bowen's Premium Yeast Powder, and of testifying to the general satisfaction given by this brand

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ROOT & SANDERSON,
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OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE. THE OLDEST and most complete Commercial College on the coast. Elegant halls; new furniture; thorough instruction; practical teachers; high standing with the public. Students can commence at any time. Day and Evening sessions. Circulars free on application.

OPIUM

OR MORPHINE HABIT

RADICALLY CURED IN A FEW DAYS, without pain or publicity. No charge until a cure is completed. Call at 319 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal., or send for pamphlet.

SILVER SHOW CASES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, MANUFACTURED by S. BERNSTEIN, 803 Larkin St., San Francisco. All work guaranteed. Send for Price List.

MRS. DEXTER'S
COUGH AND BLOOD PURIFIER

HAS a magical effect in curing Colds, Coughs or Consumption of the Blood; is a Liver Invigorator and Blood Purifier; pleasant in taste and purely vegetable; MY REMEDY FOR CATARRH cures the worst cases in a short time. Office, 38 and 39 St. Ann's building, corner Powell and Eddy. Consultations Free.

FIG BITTERS

USE the Hierapicra or Fig Bitters. Cures Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Constipation, Impure Blood, Kidney Weakness, Worms, Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints, etc. Druggists have it. Agents, REDINGTON & Co, Wholesale Druggists, San Francisco, Cal.

THE "NEW"
AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE.

Three-quarters Less Friction than any other Machine.

IT BEATS THEM ALL!

Self-Threading Shuttle!
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Lightest Running
Stillest Running
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This machine is fast becoming known as the

BEST in the WORLD!

See It! Try It! Buy It!

WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE CO
G. R. WOOD, Manager,
124 FIFTH STREET, - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Agents Wanted in all unoccupied Territory.

RED
BLOOD!
(RICHESSE DU SANG.)

IF YOU ARE PALE,
IT WILL GIVE COLOR TO YOUR CHEEKS.
IF YOU ARE WEAK,
IT WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH:
IF YOU FEEL DULL AND GLOOMY
IT WILL MAKE YOU CHEERFUL.
IF INCAPABLE OF EXERTION,
IT WILL GIVE YOU ACTIVITY.
IN A WORD,
If Your Blood is Thin
IT WILL MAKE IT RICH.

A LARGE NUMBER OF MEN AND OVER half of the women suffer from Anemy or Thin Blood: that is to say, that the quantity of red globules, which predominate in a healthy and vigorous blood, is in their cases too small. The basis of these red globules is IRON, which their internal economy fails to furnish in sufficient quantity.

The basis of this new and wonderful medicine is also IRON, which is easily assimilated by the system, and gives to the Blood that vitality and strength which it so much wants, and which is so indispensable to that real enjoyment of life, commonly called PERFECTLY GOOD HEALTH.

One of the great qualities which will make this precious preparation largely popular is that once the Blood has obtained the quantity of Iron it needs it will not absorb any more of it; there is therefore no fear of bad consequences to be entertained should a person use it when not needed.

Therefore, if you perceive any of the symptoms above described, or in any way have the least cause to think that your Blood is thin, do not hesitate a moment to have recourse to our RED BLOOD, and stick to it until you feel a radical change; under its influence you will perceive your cheeks gradually redden; your energy, moral and physical, will be strengthened, and you will discover what a good thing it is to live when one is healthy.

Anemy or Thin Blood is not only a disease by itself, but it predisposes one to any other diseases, prevalent or under whose influence you may be unconsciously thrown—why, then, not get rid at once of such a terrible enemy?

We owe this great discovery to DR. BARTKOWSKY, a distinguished French Chemist, who, under certain considerations, has entrusted the undersigned with his secret to act for him as his Agent for the United States.

N. B.—Unlike any other preparation, this does not affect the teeth.

To be had from all the principal Chemists. Price, $1.25.

Agent for the United States,

C. MELQUIOND,
415 SANSOME STREET,
Corner of Commercial, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

HOT BISCUIT
EVERY MORNING.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER
WILL DO IT. BUY IT.

How to Become Lean!

OR the successful treatment of excessive fatness, without injury to the health, by the use of DR. ORR'S ELIXIR OF "GULF WEED," which can be obtained of all respectable Druggists and at the WHOLESALE DEPOT, N. E. COR. POST AND MASON STS., San Francisco. Price, $2.00 per bottle.

SAFE DEPOSIT LOAN OFFICE, Brick Building, 324 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco. Private Entrance on Belden Place, bet. Montgomery and Kearny, Bush and Pine Streets.

Emporium of Choice and ELEGANT JEWELRY, all of recent manufacture and most artistic finish and design, comprising varieties to suit the most fastidious tastes.

Money Loaned on Collateral Security and Unredeemed Pledges for sale.

MAX GOLDBERG.

International Hotel,
824 and 826 KEARNY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

$1.50 and $2.00 Per Day, and less by the Week.

Coaches with the name of the Hotel on bring Guests to the Hotel Free. Beware of other Coaches and Runners.

H. C. PATRIDGE,
Proprietor

TRADE MARK. CALVERT'S
$2 Per Gallon.
CARBOLIC
Sheep Wash.
T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco
Sole Agent for California and Nev.

Boots and Shoes.

JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. Battery and Jackson Sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS at from $8 to $9 00
California Leather Boots, 6 00
French Calf Oxford Ties, 4 00
California " 3 50

Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering Boots and Shoes to the amount of $12 or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent., to make the express charge light. I sell Boots and Shoes of MY OWN MANUFACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. Positively one price.

POWLETT'S
ATMOSPHERIC LETTER
COPYING PRESS,

Compact, Portable, Durable, and 1-3 Cheaper than an Iron Press. Something new. The best thing yet. Be sure to see it before purchasing an iron press.

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419 SANSOME STREET, - - San Francisco.
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First-Class Agents Wanted.

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Or entire newspapers, printed with or without our Co-operative Advertisements, on more favorable terms than ever before offered.

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Notwithstanding the misrepresentations and falsehoods of a certain party who has vainly attempted to blackmail us, our business has steadily increased, and our list of papers is now larger than ever before.

CAUTION.—Newspaper Publishers, in writing, should be careful not to be deceived by *any person* who shrewdly tries to mislead, by adopting a similar name. Address all your communications to

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518 CLAY ST., San Francisco.
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A REVOLUTION
—IN THE—
SOAP BUSINESS

A San Francisco Manufacturing firm to the readers of the RUSSIAN RIVER FLAG:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We address you in the hope that our statement may result in mutual advantage. In past years the Soap business on this coast has been conducted in a way which attached more importance to large manufacturing profits than to honest weight and good quality, rendering competition in the Soap trade little less than a rivalry in

RASCALITY.

Boxes containing less than eleven pounds of worse than worthless trash, are boldly marked and sold as "20 Bars—18 Pounds," and wretched combination of caustic soda and putrid grease, taken from the diseased carcases of dead animals are unblushingly pressed upon the trade and the people as "the best family soaps," and to supply the deficiency resulting from incompetence and the use of refuse materials, mineral substances of the most hurtful character are added, and while such stuff may, after a fashion, supply the place of

REAL SOAP,

It does so at the expense of the fabrics, hands and health of those who use such compounds. Medical men tell us that the skin is a powerful absorbent, and poisonous compounds in soaps have been known to spread from the hands over the entire body, just as a touch of poison oak in one place will be carried from head to foot of the person poisoned, and many women who suffer constantly from a dry, burning skin, and who find their personal appearance disfigured by discolorations, will frequently find the predisposing cause of their misfortune in the compounds which are made to supply the place of TRUE SOAP for laundry, kitchen, bath and other household purposes.

THINK OF IT.

Think of tender infants, children and delicate women being constantly swathed in garments, every thread of which is permeated with the putrid poisons of diseased fat and dangerous mineral substances, which are taken up by perspiration and absorbed into the skin and circulation, endangering health and the very life of all! Yes, think of this, and then decide whether you will pay a fair price for a PURE ARTICLE or ten times the value of an apparently cheap one, the use of which is ever attended with actual loss and danger to health and comfort.

Such are the dangers to be apprehended in the use of the "cheap" soaps with which the markets are flooded, but none the less dangerous are many which are heralded forth and sold at even extravagant prices, under attractive names, leading people to believe that they will wash well without rubbing, in ice-cold water, or bleach clothing as white as snow by magical qualities, unknown to the science of soap. The very fact of soaps possessing these so-called magical qualities, is conclusive evidence that they contain substances which are injurious to clothing and dangerous to health, and should be avoided under all circumstances. To speak in

PLAIN TERMS,

Good, honest, reliable soap can only be made from pure materials, combined after proper methods, by those skilled in the art of soap-making, and we now offer to consumers, through the trade, an article which we guarantee to be strictly pure and made only from the very best refined materials. Ask your Grocer for

SMITH, LUCY & CO'S
Peerless Soap!

And take no other. The price is as low as a pure article can be supplied for, and its use will always secure the best results and remove all danger of contamination.

DESCRIPTION:

To guard purchasers against imposition, we describe our soap as follows: It is a boiled soap, made on the most approved chemical principles, from the best refined materials. It is of that rich light straw color, obtained only by the most skillful combination of the finest raw materials. It is well seasoned and compactly pressed into cakes of ¾ of a pound each, with "SMITH, LUCY & CO., PEERLESS SOAP," pressed into the cake on one side, and "SMITH, LUCY & CO., 405 FRONT ST., S. F.," on the other. Each cake is enclosed in a neat red wrapper, with appropriate printed matter thereon, and every care has been taken to turn out an article which cannot fail to give full satisfaction. To

KNOW ITS VALUE,

It must be used. So ask your Grocer for "SMITH, LUCY & CO'S PEERLESS SOAP," and do not be put off with others which are said to be as good. It can be retailed for less than the wholesale cost of Eastern soaps of equal quality and weight, and as home manufacturers we confidently expect that the trade and the consuming public will give us their orders and hearty co-operation in our efforts to supply the best and purest soap for the very lowest possible price.

Respectfully,

SMITH, LUCY & CO.,
405 FRONT STREET, S. F.

DR. GUNN'S
Aromatic Elixir
BITTERS.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION and a score of ills arising from irregular action of the liver. These Bitters are pleasant to the taste and should be used in all cases of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Humors of the Blood and Piles.

Ask your Druggist for them and take nothing else.

A. VAN ALSTINE & CO.
Proprietors and Manufacturers, 8½ Brenham Place above the Plaza, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18th 1876.

MR. A. VAN ALSTINE:—Dear Sir—For years I was troubled with Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, with occasional attacks of violent Head ache. I have been under medical treatment many times, but without success. About eight months ago I was advised by my friends to try DR GUNN'S BITTERS—which I did very reluctantly for I had lost all hopes of ever getting cured—but am very happy to state that after using three bottles of your Bitters it cured me, and I am now as well as I ever was in my life.

Yours very respectfully,
LEOPOLDINA HEUER,
No. 10 St. Charles Place,
Bet. Vallejo and Green.

GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES.

M. SHORT,

Having just received a Large Invoice of

WEST OF ENGLAND GOODS,

Therefore informs his patrons that he will make CLOTHING TO ORDER at the Lowest CASH PRICE for the next Sixty Days:

Business Suits to Order, - $25
Pants to Order, - - - $6
Dress Suits to Order, $35 to $50

Commercial St., cor. Leidesdorff,
—AND—
No. 6 Kearny Street,
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The best thing yet. Be
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UCY & CO., PEERLESS
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405 FRONT ST., S. F.,"
is enclosed in a neat red
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taken to turn out an arti-
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SOAP," and do not be put
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UCY & CO.,
STREET, S. F.

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AN ALSTINE & CO.
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Francisco.
ANCISCO, April 18th 1876.
Dear Sir—For years I was
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LEOPOLDINA HEUER,
No. 10 St. Charles Place,
Bet. Vallejo and Green.

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a Large Invoice of
LAND GOODS,
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at the Lowest CASH
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Order, - $25
- - - $6
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rny Street.
NCISCO.

DICKENS.

As one who flings large hospitable doors
  Wide to a world of masquers whom he has bade
  Sweep hurrying onward with their paces mad
And merrily flood his vacant chamber-floors,
Even so with him about whose form in scores
  Humanity's eager passions, blithe or sad,
  Rush reveling, and however strangely clad,
Are still the old rascals, bigots, fools and bores!
Ah, what a riotous witch-dance they prolong,
  Of avarice, hatred, hope, revenge, despair!
How right flies timorous from the clutch of wrong!
  How pleasure and ease take hands with toil and care!
  While humor, that wild harlequin, here and there,
Dashes in spangled somersaults through the throng!

—*Edgar Fawcett, in Scribner for Dec.*

NIGHT WINDS.

BY A. DARE.

Night winds, why haunt ye weary souls,
  Coming from dusky dells where fragrant ferns
With carved minarets prick all the gloom,
And incense breathe round dying days,
  While Summer sun to reddening ember burns?

Why whisper ye of glancing streams,
  Slipping o'er sandy shallows, cool and fair,
Where leap and glide the speckled, gleaming trout,
That swift as silver lightnings flash
  When lured from hiding in a shadowed lair?

Why murmur ye of singing pines
  That from unbending height, like pilgrim saint,
Uplift in constant, wordless, fragrant prayer,
The grateful homage of their praise,
  Nor of stern Winter's grief make sad complaint?

Why sing of restless, rolling seas
  Whose tempest voice of strife and high disdain
May rush to murmurs of sweet lullaby,
On pebbly shore by fisher's cot—
  In song of restful peace lose all its pain?

Oh, haunting, wooing winds of night!
  Ye bring to weary souls, on soothing wings,
Visions of endless, far away delights,
And lull to dreams of purest bliss—
  The dearest boon that sleep to mortal brings!

—*Boston Transcript.*

OUT OF THE DUST.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

The raw, bleak breaking of a December day in London is something to make the comfortable sleeper in a luxurious bed congratulate himself that he is not forced to meet it. He turns and covers his head for the most delicious doze of all, while the damp, frosty rime clings to the pavement, and the chill strikes like a bolt of ice to the very marrow of the unfortunate wayfarer.

Two children were making their way along the suburbs of the great city on such a morning. One a boy of twelve with a look of premature wisdom in his sharp eyes, limped somewhat as he walked. He had a hollow-cheeked, worn expression, as if the hand-to-hand tussle with life, which he had endured from infancy, was almost too much for him. He wore a pair of blue trowsers evidently cut down from a grown up pair, and proclaiming their origin. An old military cap surmounted his thin, light locks, which were powdered with dust. He held in one hand an old rake, and by the other he led his sister, a child of six, whose blue eyes and tangled curls would have made her pretty had she any advantages of cleanliness. She, too, schooled by the great forcing system of poverty, seems older than her years, and toddles along bravely, though the cold bit her at every gap in her ragged dress.

"Gimini!" exclaimed the boy, stopping to rub his numbed hands; "I wish I was a hangel, 'coz their clothes never gits ragged, and ain't they jist warm and comfortable, with air downy clouds soft as feather beds."

Ben was imaginative and poetical in his own way.

"Yes," answered Rosie, with a contemplative air; "but, my! wouldn't the dust git in yer feathers when you was rakin'?"

"Oh, yer a goose!" exclaimed Ben, with a laugh. "Do yer think the angels go a rootin among dust heaps. No, indeed! they jist sail round on the gold colored, cushiony clouds, and what did that air mission school feller say? Oh, they sing; and some on 'em play on golden harps!"

Rosie clasped her hands at the delightful picture, and as she did so a strain of music floated to her ear. It came from a church near, where the organist was practicing the Christmas carol. The door stood open, and the two forlorn children drew timidly toward it. They had never been at church in their lives; but now there was no well-dressed crowd to frighten them away, and, scarcely daring to breathe, they stepped inside.

The Christmas greens were already up; holly leaves glistened; and crimson berries glowed; trailing vines drooped about the font. Shields, in crimson with golden mottoes, or blue and silver, framed with green, were placed on the the walls. Fir trees stood in each corner; a spicy, piny fragrance, like the breath of the wintry woods, pervaded the place; and through it all trembled and pulsed the melodious waves of sound which seemed to bear the souls of the poor children up to the throne of God.

"I don't see the angel with the golden harp," exclaimed Rosie, looking timidly up at the great organ, with its gilded pipes; "but, oh, Benny! what if this church 'ud burn down, and you an' me runned quick and got one of those big gold sticks—wouldn't we be rich?"

"Lor', them ain't solid!" answered Ben, with superior wisdom; "them's wood, with a little gildin' on 'em; and there ain't no angels here, goosey! They's up in 'evin, and yer 'ave to die to git to be one; so I was a jokin' about it, 'cos I ain't goin' to die jest yet, and leave pore little Rosie."

The child clasped his hand with a smile.

"I knows yer wouldn't, Ben!" she answered with a quiet faith, as if everything was in her brother's hands.

"An' now we must go and rake in the dust heap," he said. "We've lost ten minutes. There's Mother Meg now."

The old woman referred to under this friendly title nodded to them as she came up.

She was a queer assortment of rags and tatters; every wrinkle and seam of age on her old face was filled with dust and ashes. Her gray hair and old mob-cap were plentifully powdered with the same. Her dress was made of an old bed ticking which had been fished out of the same dust heap at which they all worked. Its arrangement was extremely simple—having been left to retain its original shape, with the exception of being curtailed sufficiently to allow of two straight sleeves. It was confined at the waist by a bit of strong twine, and was at once plain and serviceable.

Spite of her strange appearance, the children were fond of Mother Meg. They had no parents or relatives, and she had shown a friendliness to them that touched their forlorn hearts.

She gave them advice, and once had actually made Rosie a Christmas present of a new drsss. She had been known to mend for them also, but Rosie could do it almost as well.

She was superstitious and believed in dreams—in fact, her dreams were the great embellishers and cheerers of her life—and she had a firm faith that some time she would find her fortune in the dust heap.

It seemed as if the time must soon come—if there was to be any chance for her enjoying of it—for she was now 60 years old; but her hope was still young.

"To dream three times hand-runnin' is a sure sign, Ben," she would often say. "There's a good time comin' now. I don't know as it will be a check, but there's bin checks found in that air dust 'eap, and momentums likewise of great families, and my luck's a-comin'!"

"An' wot will you do when it comes, Mother Meg?" Ben would inquire, with the most intense interest. "I know wot *I'd* do. I'd take Rosie to the Crystal Palus an' stay there a week. We'd sleep under the hedges an' go in every day. Oh, wot larks!"

"Yes, we'd do that, too," the old woman would say, very seriously; "but fust, I'd 'ave a 'ouse built for us—a white un—with a rose-wine at the door. Lor'! I remember when I fust played about a door, there was a rose-wine there; and I see it now, though it was a many and many long year ago! I've rooted in dust 'eaps all my life, but I've never forgot that air climbin' rose—red ones they was. Oh, so sweet!"

And the poor old woman would lean on her dust rake and dream of childhood's roses, and the subtle fragrance seemed to steal through the years and come to her senses once more, while the great dust heap, that loomed like a mountain before them, and the sluggish canal that rolled near, melted away.

All her castles in the air included the forlorn children—a fact which showed that whatever the husk might appear that enshrined her soul, that soul was worthy of its origin.

They now proceeded to the great mountain of dirt, where many busy workers were already employed. A casual observer, passing this great pile would never have dreamed of the varieties of industries it served.

"Nothing but dust," one might have said with contempt, but in London the very dust heaps—the sweepings and emptyings of ash-bins and rubbish—are made to contribute not a little to the wealth of the people.

This particular dust heap was so large that the workers appeared like ants in an ant-hill. The trade was divided in different departments, too, and no one encroached on the other. They were quite as honorable about that as the dealers in higher things.

Mother Meg being one of the oldest workers had been allowed to introduce Ben long ago, and the cat department had been handed over to him. Rosie had, as it were, been brought up at the dust heap since the time she could toddle there, and play with a few cinders that were sifted from it. Now she had a little rake, too, and poked around also in the hope of getting something.

The decayed vegetable were picked out by some and sold for manure; others gathered the tins, and sold them to be put in a furnace, where the solder would drop off and serve again; and Benny had all the cats, which were sold for their skins, the white ones being the most valuable.

"'Ere's my luck!" he cried, joyfully, a few moments after he had commenced, "A white un already!"

But the moment he exclaimed, Rosie burst into tears.

"It's Lily!" she cried. "Oh! my darling little Lily! Oh, Ben! you will never go for to sell her!"

Lily had been her pet kitten, and lost for a day or two. The poor children had lavished a good deal of affection on Lily. The little, soft, pure white furry creature seemed a sort of elegant luxury in their poverty—a friend to welcome them when they came home, something that loved them in spite of their misery and distress—and Rosie had had a good cry when it was missed.

But to meet it again, with its white fur soiled with dust, was too much for the tender-hearted child, and she went away near the fence and sat down to weep bitterly.

"Never mind," Mother Peg whispered. "I know a cat wot's got a whole batch of kitten, and now to-night's my birthday, and we'll celebrate it. I've got a sixpence, and we'll 'ave a couple o' saveloys—they's tasty and fillin' for the price—and a crummy loaf."

"An' some tamryne water—looks like wine," interposed Ben; "golly—wot larks!"

And the hope of that simple feast cheered the two children mightily; but Rosie still let the tears fall as she brushed the dust out of Lily's coat.

Within sight of the dust-heap, but well back from the road, stood an apparently deserted mansion. The trees were bare that in summer quite screened it from view, and the green lawns were brown and bare. The window shutters were all closed and barred, not an eye of the great house was open. The vines had crept up those closed shutters, as if sealing the place doubly; everything was unkept and untrimmed about it.

Some one stood now, however, at the rusty gate, and peered in wistfully at the overgrown paths. He was a shabby, haggard-looking young man of about twenty-five, and there seemed a touch of frenzy in his wild eyes as he stared about the place.

"My God!" he exclaimed, at last; "to think I played there when a child—and it should be mine—and it is gone!"

He groaned audibly; but there was no one near. The workers at the dust-heap did not even see him.

"How the lawn used to glitter on those dewy mornings," he said, wildly "and the flowers—I have never seen any such flowers since! Oh, halls of my childhood, I bid you a long farewell!"

And he turned hurriedly away and walked toward the sluggish canal, and stared into its muddy depths as if the problem that vexed his life might be solved there.

Ben, in the meantime, delved busily away in the dust-heap. He had only been rewarded by one black cat, when he saw something shine, which made him plunge wildly among the dust and ashes. When he had the glittering thing fast in his hands, then he first dared to exclaim.

"Sure, this *is* luck, boy!" cried Mother Meg, examining it. "This 'ere's gold—an' wotever this skin is that it's fast to is more than I know; but it's got writin' on it—cur'us to write on a skin! There's bin a picter in this 'ere gold settin'."

It was indeed the setting of a miniature that Ben had found. It had been rolled up in parchment, and made fast to it, but the picture had evidently fallen to decay, and the gold and parchment endured. The setting was very heavy and elegant, and had evidently contained great pearls, but they were gone.

"Golly!" exclaimed Ben, breathless with excitement; "air yer certain sure it's gold?"

"Lor', yes—brass would a-bin as green as grass, yer see."

"Then I'll have that 'ere 'ouse and the rose-wine, Mother Meg, an' you'll live in it all the same, 'cos you've bin so good to us!" cried Ben triumphantly.

"Oh, 'twon't quite do that, Benny, boy," said the old woman, with a tear in her dim eye; "but I thank yer kindly as yer 'ad it in yer 'art to say. It's worth a pooty penny, howsomdever, an' wen it's time to knock off we'll see about it."

"'Tain't no use keepin' this 'ere skin, is it?" said Ben, giving it a twist, and learning a lesson of the toughness of parchment.

"Oh, yes, keep it. I can make it out, perhaps, or will git somebody as kin read better. I'm cur'us wotever any one would write on that 'ere stuff."

So Ben stuffed the roll in his ragged shirt, and worked on with a strange exhilaration all day. Rosie, too, seemed cheered by this smile of fortune, for she laid Lily in a safe nook at last, and began also to search the dust-heap, for which she was rewarded by finding quite a fresh bit of pink ribbon, which she tied on her hair, for Mother Meg's birthday celebration.

The long day grew dim in a cold, gray wintry eclipse, and one by one the workers disposed of their gains to the men who regularly appeared to buy.

The cat merchant did not get Lily, and quite sneered at the black one, which he pronounced a "puffic skellington;" but Ben was too happy over his find to grumble.

"If you won't buy the 'ouse, I'll—I'll buy the dinners for a long time—reg'lar tuck-ins," he said; "but I wouldn't want to spend it all that 'ere way, either, cos we wouldn't have nothin' in the end. But I knows a place, too, that's such an out-an'-outer—sech tripe and taties—like dollops and meal! Oh, my eyes! but I'll buy Rosie a red cloak and a 'im-book."

"A 'im-book?" asked Mother Meg, doubtfully. "Well, wotever is that fur?"

"Why, to learn them 'ims wot the angels sing, to be sure—with them gold harps. Wouldn't we feel orkard like when we got to the 'evins, ef we didn't know nothin' about 'em?"

Mother Meg pondered a few moments over this solid chunk of wisdom propounded by the child. *She* had never thought of making ready for heaven in any way, though she must be much nearer her end than little Ben.

Of course, she hoped to reach that blessed haven where the mirerable poor, who are not criminal, expect to have all the losses and sorrows of this life made up to them.

"Oh, ain't I hungry, just!" exclaimed Ben, who had only gnawed a crust at noon, and Rosie echoed the sentiment.

"Then we'll hurry up about that 'ere feast!" exclaimed Mother Meg, cheerfully.

But the next moment, Ben, who preceded the party and whose eyes were young and sharp, cried out:

"There's a feller takin' a bath, leastways, I seen ablack head bobbin' up in the canal. Lor! I'm a green un to think anybody would take a bath this freezin' day—he's a drowndin'!"

"He's drownded!" cried Mother Meg, hastening to the bank.

But Ben, lame as he was, got before her.

He could swim like a fish, and he reached the figure as it rose the third time. But he would not have been able to have brought his freight to land if it had not been for Mother Meg's rake, which she skilfully hooked in Ben's rags and brought both to shore.

The young man lay as one dead. His face was ghastly pale, and his black curls clung in wet masses over his forehead. His lips were purple, but the old woman gave it as her verdict that life was in him. She went to work quite intelligently, too; laid his head lower than his body, and began rubbing and kneading him. Ben, too, worked away manfully, till the young man opened his eyes.

"If we 'ad a drop o' likker, now," said Mother Meg. "'Ere, we'll give up the feast, take my sixpence."

"'Ere's wot the black cat brought." said Ben, showing two pennies.

"Get two pennyworth o' gin, then, and run!" cried Mother Meg.

But in taking out the money, Ben also drew out the roll of parchment he had found, and it fell down directly in front of the opening eyes of the half-drowned man.

"Am I dreaming?" he cried, as the gold setting of the miniature fell out, and he saw the letters entwined in monogram at the top.

He seized it convulsively, and, looking at the parchment, uttered a cry. The lost title-deed of his old home had been rescued by a child from a dust-heap!

He needed now no elixir to revive him. He had been so sick of life that he had been glad to let go the worthless boon.

Sinfully had he flung God's best gift at his Creator's feet because he had lost what makes life sweet. His wealth had drifted away from him, his home had been claimed by another, and his promised bride forbidden by a overprudent father to see him again.

Now, as he held that bit of parchment in his trembling hands, he felt that he held fast to life and hope once more. There was nothing near but the great dust-heap and the muddy canal, but he saw a fair vision of his stately home with its emerald lawn and flower-gemmed garden, and one, the loveliest flower of all blooming there!

But he did not forget his humble friends. "God bless you!" he said, heartily. "You have saved my life, and something dearer. It will be my care to make you happy. A Fitzgerald never forgets a favor."

And then he gave the children the little change he had and pointed to the handsome house in the distance, saying, with deep emotion, "That is my home—come and see me there!"

And didn't they all have a feast that night—with the juciest beefsteak and onions, and a "weal and 'am pie" and real beer, and didn't they indulge bright visions of the future, which were all realized, for Edward Fitzgerald built them a white cottage on his estate, and there they all lived together, and there was a climbing rose at the door! Mother Meg often gazed at it through dimmed tears, saying, "Yer see that dreams come true, and I've got the fortin, though it came through you, Benny, my boy."

Mother Meg would scarcely be recognized now as she sits knitting at the flower-framed window. Her gray hair is neatly put away under a snowy cap, and her tidy black dress is scrupulously free from dust. "She lived in dirt so long," she says, "she can't a-bear it now—for all they'd never a-bin where they are but for the dust-heap."

Rosie grows like a flower in that pleasant little home. She goes to school with Ben, and they can both read and learn the hymns which her brother has settled are the very ones sung by the shining ones to their harps of gold in the New Jerusalem.

"A Good Place to Prospect."

The following humorous incident of a miner's life comes to the "Drawer's of *Harper's Magazine* from "Mining District, No. 2," California:

One day a ragged, lazy-looking fellow come shuffling up to the store, and drawled out: "Well, boys, kin yer tell a feller whar's there's a good place to prospect for gold?"

The boys laughed, thinking he would be more useful to himself around a free lunch table than as a miner. At length one of the crowd said to him: "See here, my friend, there's Dr. Mason, superintendent of the R—— Mine; you'd better ask him."

Now a mining superintendent is quite a high position in a mining district, and his opinion is eagerly sought for.

"Which is the superintendent?" asked the new comer.

"That's the man dressed in black, with the dark brown curly hair," was the answer, pointing to Dr. M., who, though young, is a thorough mineralogist and chemist, and also a practical joker.

"Thank you, stranger," replied the fellow, as he made for the doctor, to whom he said: "Are you the superintendent of the R—— Mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, could you tell a feller where to find a good place to prospect?"

Mason looked at him a moment, and, taking in the slow tired movement of the man, said, with a twinkle in his eye: "You look like a lively, industrious man. Do you see that oak tree on the hill-side?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, under that tree would be a good place to prospect; besides it's nice and shady, and you can lie down and rest when fatigued."

The fellow procured a pick and shovel, and went to work under the tree. The miners, passing by ridiculed him; but, nothing daunted, he went on with his little dig. "He guessed the superintendent knew what he was about."

At the end of a week, our miner had taken out fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold, The doctor does not tell people where to prospect now. He says that the last man he showed where to prospect got so rich that he committed suicide, not knowing what to do with his money.

Coughs and Foul Air.

The reader will allow me to recite the case of a patient of mine. A year ago, during his honey-moon, I congratulated him, and told him that a dry cough with which he was troubled was curable, provided he took care to live in the open air as much as possible, inuring himself to cold sleeping in well ventilated chambers, free from dust, etc. But this advice was hardly relished by the young pair. In October they hired rooms in a house that had just been built, its "dampness" they remedied by keeping up fires steadily; the windows were hardly ever opened, as the house stood on a windy corner, and the husband was growing more and more sensitive to cold; for this reason, too, he seldom went out of doors. In November he took to the bed, was again about, but he gradually declined, to the last, hoping to recover.

Different was the course followed by Mr. H——, who, emaciated and troubled with a cough, had a hemorrhage after contracting a "severe cold." He went into the country, took as much exercise as he could in the open air, and returned home with only a slight cough. At home he every morning took a warm bath, with effusions of cold water, avoided rooms with bad air, etc. In six months he was free from his cough, appeared to be well nourished, and no longer had any fear of taking cold.

If the reader will dispassionately compare these two cases, he will agree with me that the first patient, who had never had hemorrhage, fell a victim to the action of foul air, while H—— used to say, "I must give to my diseased lungs, above all things, fresh air, as the prime necessary of life." Animals never take cold, even in winter; therefore among men, it must be a result of wrong habits if air does any harm. We know that gold-fishes quickly perish when water is not provided for them; and when we were boys we used to consider it cruelty to animals if we made no openings for ventilation in the boxes in which we kept cockchafers.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*

Every land-owner should know that he has a clear title to his real estate. A very small thing may, in the course of time, serve as a foundation upon which to set up a fraudulent claim. Deeds are frequently not recorded which form an important link in the chain; and, as time passes away, and the circumstances are forgotten, no one questions the title, and all is well. Years afterward, when the previous owners are dead, some question comes up, some widow or minor heirs put in a claim, and a lawsuit, with its expenses and delay, is the result. There are thousands of farmers who are not able to describe their farms by section, town and range; and, if they were called on to do so before a court they would ignominiously fail. There are so many ways of clouding a title that the best of men are sometimes imposed on. A farm may be erroneously sold at a tax-sale, or a judgment may be erroneously written and the wrong description placed on record. It is, therefore, important to keep your tax-receipts, forever, if need be; and, in case an erroneous judgment is found against the property, not to trust some one else to have it corrected, but attend to it at once. Releases of mortages should be looked after, and a strict compliance with the law be required. There is a penalty for neglecting to release a mortgage when it has been paid; but a great many mortgagees live outside the State, and consequently are not get-at-able. While health lasts and witnesses are alive, let the matter be attended to.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Corn as Human Food.—One pound of corn is equal as food to three and three-quarters pounds of potatoes, or eight and one-half pounds of cabbage, or eleven and one half pounds of white turnips.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

When a St. Louis man has been adjudged a bankrupt, he is at once overwhelmed with subscription lists for churches, etc. Christians know when to tackle a fellow

Visible Changes in Planets.

Telescopists have described apparent changes lasting only for a short time, in the appearance of one of these planets, Mars, which may fairly be attributed to disturbances affecting its surface in no greater degree than the great Peruvian earthquakes have affected for a time the surface of our earth. For instance, the American astronomer, Mitchel, says that on the night of July 12, 1845, the bright polar snows of Mars exhibited an appearance never noticed at any preceding or succeeding observation. In the very centre of the white surface appeared a dark spot, which retained its position during several hours. On the following evening not a trace of the spot could be seen. Again the same observer says that on the evening of August 30, 1845, he observed for the first time a small bright spot, nearly or quite round, projecting out of the lower side of the polar spot. "In the early part of the evening," he says, "the small bright spot seemed to be partly buried in the large one. After the lapse of an hour or more, my attention was again directed to the planet, when I was astonished to find a manifest change in the position of the small bright spot. It had apparently separated from the large spot, and the edges alone of the two were now in contact, whereas when first seen they overlapped by an amount quite equal to one-third of the diameter of the small one. This, however, was merely an optical phenomenon, for on the next evening the spots went through the same apparent changes, as the planet went through the corresponding part of it rotation. But it showed the spots to be real ice masses. The strange part of the story is that in the course of a few days the smaller spot, which must have been a mass of snow and ice as large as Nova Zembla, gradually disappeared." Probably some great shock had separated an enormous field of ice from the polar snows, and it had eventually been broken up and its fragments carried away from the arctic regions by currents in the Martian oceans. It appears to us that the study of our own earth, and of the changes and occasional convulsions which affect its surface, gives to the observation of such phenomena as we have just described a new interest. Or, rather perhaps, it is not too much to say that these telescopic observations of the planets derive their only real interest from such considerations.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Ephraim's Mind Weakens.

"Blossom deah," said bed-ridden Uncle Eph, "I feels a little bettah to-night, an' I kinder hankers arter a bite of stewed chicken. I wish you'd send Gworge Washington into de market to buy a hen fo' his old fadder, who mus' mighty soon pass fru de da'k valley ob de shadow ob death," and the old man sank back on his pillow exhausted.

"Jes' calm yo' feahs, Ephrahami; de meat shall be forthcomin'," replied his good wife Blossom.

Then beckoning her son to the bed-side, she said to him solemnly:

"Gworge, you heah what yo' po' fadder said. I'm offle feared dat long sickness has impa'ed de ole man's intellec'," and she shook her head sorrowfully. "His min' ain't what it used to be, or he'd nevah talk 'bout sendin' you to buy a chicken in dark ob de moon. He seems to hab' forgotten de fac' dat fo' cullud folks to go 'round spendin' money fo' chickens when dar's no moon would c'rate mo' talk dan a chu'ch scandal. No, no, de ole man ain't hisself no mo'," and Blossom laid her head on the bed and wept like a child.

Presently she dried her eyes on her checkered apron, and said:

"Go out, Gworge; go out into de da'k an' sunless wo'ld and get a chicken in de usual way, an' den dah'll be no chance fo' talk."

There was a tremor in the young man's voice when he said:

"De ole man seems mighty bad off to-night, an' talks 'bout passin' ober de da'k an' shadowy riber; so you bet yo' life dis chiel 'll have a yaller-legged pullet ef he shouldn't git back 'fore morning'," and taking another hitch in the girth of his Ulster, he pushed out into the moonless night.

The True Gentleman.

He is above a low act. He cannot stoop to commit a fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes them into instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unregarded exposure are secret to him. He profanes no privacy of another, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are not for him. He may be trusted out of sight, near the thinnest partition, anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his own rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate does not lie on his track. Of woman, and to her he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every one. He is not always dressed in broadcloth. "Some people," says a distinguished bishop, "think a gentleman means a man of independant fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not labor for his daily bread." None of these make a gentleman—not one of them—nor all of them together. I have known men of the roughest exterior who have been used all their lives to follow the plow, and look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman who ever wore a ducal coronet. I mean I have known them as unselfish, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as sympathizing; and all these qualities go to make what I understand by the term "a gentleman."

It is a noble privilege which has been sadly prostituted; and what I want to tell you is, that the humblest man who has the coarsest work to do, yet, if his heart be tender, and pure and true, can be in the most emphatic sense of the word, "a gentleman."—*The Christian Statesman.*

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of youth.—*Landor.*

The Coloring of Walls.

The men to whom we intrust our house painting—men who have mixed colors all their lives after a fashion—do not seem to have an idea of what constitutes a hue or a shade. The mechanical dexterity displayed in their work is equal to the average in other callings; and one would think that, however deficient the painter's knowledge of harmonious combinations may be when he begins to work his way up as an apprentice, he would learn to appreciate what is really good coloring when brought in contact with it. But in this we are mistaken. Test it, if you will, by giving him a room to repaint—one that was originally tinted in several shades, but which, having become soiled and worn, we wish to renew. He will take your order, and the mechanical part of his work will be good; but his shades and tints will all be stronger and deeper than in the original, giving one the impression that he had resorted solely to the primaries to produce the desired effect, instead of keeping to the combinations that were once the charm of the room. The attempt to reproduce the delicate corn-color will result in a near approach to chromo yellow; and the French gray—well, we may call it violet or light purple, for it will bear no other interpretation; while the general effect will be one of contracts so crude as to disturb the eye and leave upon the mind anything but an agreeable impression. Time so employed is thrown away—worse than that, for what is done will put us back instead of helping us on in our efforts to improve.

A woman of the Turkoman tribe—the most ignorant of the nomads—through the exercise of natural taste, will weave a carpet marked by a finer combination of color than could be designed by the cleverest pupil in our art schools. Her colors will be strong, but they will not be harsh or confused in their combinations, for she knows how to balance them; and herein, lies her superiority. A color that is pure and positive need not be tawdry. There is nothing vulgar in the employment of a bright knot of ribbon, neither is there anything loud or startling in the use of poly-chrome; but the bright bow may be resorted to when it would be wholly out of place, and poly-chrome may be introduced where it would be positively ugly. It does not follow that the effect in either case may be traced to the color, but it rather oomes from the mode of applying it. Nor do we escape the dilemma by restoring to tertiaries and other low tones; for even with these a discordant note may be struck, and our sense of fitness be disturbed. If one cannot swim, paddling in shallow water is but a miserable counterfeit of the noble art; and he who fears to load his palette with the primaries will make but sorry work of it when he seeks with tertiaries alone to docorate his walls.

How often have we been told that colors must be perfectly balanced and properly relieved; that masses of bright colors may be so arranged as to produce an effect the very opposite of repose; and that dark colors, unrelieved and unbalanced, will weigh us down by their heaviness! We know all this—those of us who have given any thought to the subject—but what is wanted is, that the many should give heed to these things—should learn to discriminate between good and bad coloring. No one ever found fault with a Parisian rug for being tawdry; no one ever saw one that could come under that head; and one is yet to be seen that is not glowing with color. The splendor of the Byzantine churches has never been surpassed; their mosaics are unrivalled, and their gorgeous coloring on a gold ground is the realization of the beautiful in decorative art. St. Sophia at Constantinople, St. Mark's at Venice, and the Capella Reale at Palermo, are aglow with light and rainbow tints; yet all are in keeping and subservient to the lines of the architecture.

But what would be in keeping in some great cathedral would be wholly out of place in a smaller structure set apart for daily use. In painting and decorating a house we can only use the primaries sparingly; for if we load our walls, which are to form the background, with strong colors, what resource shall we have when we come to the selection of furniture and carpets? This is the rock on which not a few founder; and many, in trying to avoid it, run to the other extreme—that of pale, faded, sickly, washed-out colors, void of expression and meaningless. There must be something bright in every room, if we only know how to get it there, either on the walls or on the furniture; some decided effect, aided, strengthened and enriched by contrasting colors, to give it life and character. We cannot confine ourselves to half a scale and have perfect harmony. If we resort to blue, scarlet and purple, we find there is something wanting, and not until orange is added are we satisfied. If to the blue we add brown and crimson, we must have gold or yellow to help them out. The crimson and brown together are dull, the blue does not relieve them; but when the gold is added the effect is wholly different. And so of hundreds of other combinations. Purple and white are cold, purple and black are heavy, but purple and gold form a perfect harmony.

As I have already stated, there are hundreds of pleasing combinations that will produce a charming effect. But to those who have given the subject no attention, this is a problem hard to solve. Unaided, they seldom arrive at pleasing results; and, unless one is sure of his footing, it would be better for him to take professional advice than to run the risk of almost certain failure.—"*Champlin" in American Architect and Building News.*

Christmas Cake.—For a Christmas cake that will keep, the following is very nice, from "Mrs. Brotherlin's Recipe Book:" One pound of raisins, one of currents, one-fourth of citron, one-half of butter, one teacup of sour cream, eight eggs, two coffeecups of white sugar, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream-tartar, one of cinnamon, one of cloves, one nutmeg; mix butter, sugar and yolk of eggs together, put soda in cream and add, then add sugar and molasses, then cream-tartar in dry flour, add spice and stir together. Seed the raisins if desired, and dredge the raisins, currants and citron with flour; two tablespoons of rosewater or brandy.

Boucicault says there isn't a dramatic critic in the world who can tell what a comedy is. Is it a comedy when you go down into the cellar with the hired girl to see where the leak in the water-pipe is and the candle goes out, and your wife stands on the stairs and yells for a match, and makes pungent remarks at the same time?

Why Some People Cannot Control Their Temper.

We find the following historical facts in a contemporary and republish them with our comments:

The Emperor of Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman Emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from the Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," said Tourtello, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a victim to a paroxysm of passion. Mr. Hunter, as is familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger, which, from the defect of early education, he had not learned to control. Suffering, during his latter years, under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper; and he has been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unpleasant altercation with his colleagues in the Board Room at St. George's Hospital, London, he was, by one of them, peremptorily contradicted; he immediately ceased speaking, hurried into an adjoining apartment and immediately fell dead.

When the fit of anger is of long continuance or frequent recurrence it often lays the foundations of some most serious and lasting afflictions; thus many cases of palsy, of epilepsy, of convulsions and of madness may be traced to violent anger and ungovernable temper. Dr. Good cites the case of the unfortunate and insane Charles VI. of France, who violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagna, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink or sleep for many days together, and at length became furiously mad as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword and striking promiscuously every one who approached him." Finally the insanity became chronic, fixed upon his intellect and accompanied him to his death.

Our comments on this are, that an uncontrolable temper is the fault of the parents, or of those who have in early years charge of the training of a child. If a child gets into an angry passion, no leniency should be exercised, much less indulgence in the child's wishe's. If a child, when failing to have things it's own way, becomes passionately angry, this anger should at once be whipped out, no matter how young thechild is; a child old enough to become angry can bear corporal punishment, especially as it is impossible to reason with infants, they not yet having arrived at the age of reason and only understand what they feel. We personally have whipped fits of passion out of our own children when they were scarcely one year old. Such passions, far from being objectionable in children, are desirable, proving as they do that there is spirit in them, only this lively spirit must be put under restraint, and when this is properly accomplished such children make the best men and women. Those very good children, with whom parents and teachers never have any trouble, do not amount to much intellectually and seldom make their mark in after life. We noticed in school that the most troublesome boys, when well controlled, became the best students in college and the men of mark afterward. We could name several who are now eminent men who were very mischievous boys at school, while most of the good boys have disappeared from public view.—*Manufacturers' Journal.*

Woman.—There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support, is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contract, and the warm and gushing heart closes itsslf, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man at once determines his position, and asserts his place; woman has hers to seek. And, alas! I fear that, however she may appear to turn a calm brow and quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs and that lip quivers to the last, until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to a tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest! The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart are indulged only in the quiet holinesss of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength.

The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on amid the heat and hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

A Canary which Sings "A Life on the Ocean Wave."—J. G. Christopher, a barber at Ballston Spa, is the possessor of a remarkable canary bird, the voice of which has been developed in a peculiarly painstaking manner, so that now this "educated" songster can successfully render the well-known air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The bird will commence to warble like any of these pets, but after uttering a few notes will immediately strike into the tune, and when its voice has attained full height the above tune will be sung entire, and in a manner that sounds singularly melodious and attractive, literally setting to note its natural vocal powers. This was only achieved after the most diligent and patient attention. As soon as the bird was old enough to pick up a living, it was put in a room apart from all others, and a music box also placed in the apartment that was kept perpetually going, repeating the one tune over and over again, so that this singular pupil had nothing to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship, the owner was rewarded by hearing this little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave," as naturally and perfect as if that was the song of its ancestors.

Learning the ropes is of no advantage to a man after he has been hung.

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, December 27, 1877.

General News Items.

John A. Joyce, of crooked whiskey fame, has been unconditionally pardoned by the President.

It is said the new Constitution of Georgia is so loosely written as to be comparatively worthless.

San Francisco, has a debt of about $1,000,000, and when she becomes as large as New York her debt will be $100,000,000.

Ex-Secretary Chandler charges the President with bargaining with Confederate chiefs to injure the Republican party.

Frank Harris, a merchant of Rockport, Missouri, was robbed Tuesday morning by two strangers of $7,000 in money.

E. McB. Timoney, Register of the Land Office at Boise City, Idaho, has been arrested, charged with extortion in collecting fees.

Edward Stapleton, an agent for California firms, died at Lemmon's station, on the overland road, on the 15th instant, of pleurisy.

At the Sacramento Pavilion, Thursday, December 13th, John Oddy walked three miles in 21 minutes and 39 seconds—first mile, 7:05; second, 7:12, third, 7:22.

The agent in Washington of the six Chinese Companies of California has written a caustic letter to the President in reply to the communication of Congressman Page.

The quarantine officer at San Francisco reports that for the month of November the arrivals from China number 432; the departures for the Flowery Kingdom, 1,111.

The publisher of the daily organ of the Vatican and the Clerical party has been sentenced at Rome to six months' imprisonment for libeling the ministers of the Italian Free Church.

Henry Ward Beecher has described the hell he does not aspire to go to. Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Beecher will not be permitted choice of seats. At any rate, his late saying will not elevate Christianity, or increase confidence in Beecherism.

A remarkable character will disappear from British politics, and a peculiar career will terminate, when Disraeli retires from the Premiership. The day of his retirement is at hand, if we can credit the reports that are current in well-informed London quarters.

A St. Louis widow has had three husbands. She has on hand a lawsuit to break the will of the first, another to recover insurance money on the second, and a third to obtain alimony from the last.

It is the angry opinion of Mr. Conkling's Utica organ that "if Grant had dared assume the prerogatives that Hayes arrogates as his right, the last Democratic House would have impeached him for treason to the Constitution, in less than twenty-four hours."

Out in western Iowa a few weeks ago the body of a young man was found dead in the woods, but on examination it was discovered that the deceased wore a corset, and without a moment's deliberation the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The entire cost of the Sutro Tunnel to Aug. 1, was $2,830,597. From that date to completion of the work, the expenditure will amount to $250,000. To provide a double track railway and wire rope transportation and to put every thing in thorough order, will take $500,000, making the expenditure about $3,600,000.

An artesian well in Ventura county, Cal., spouts up fish. In a meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, specimens of the fish, supposed to be trout, were presented. The well was bored in 1871, and every year since has thrown out immense quantities of freshly spawned fish in April and May.

The proofs are conclusive that when Robert E. Lee cast his lot with his mother State, he turned his back on the highest position that an American soldier could covet, and deliberately chose the path of sacrifice, peril and loss of this world's goods, because, in his judgment, it was the path of duty and of honor.

The New York *Sun* says: The fraudulent President is still haunted by fears of a disclosure of the secrets of the Louisiana Returning Board. If the Collectorship of the Port of New Orleans will purchase Packard's silence, civil service of the Hayes pattern would interpose no obstacle. Packard is a leaky vessel and needs caulking.

It has transpired says the *Bee*, in the Vanderbilt trial, that the Commodore, if he had lived, would have had a monument to Washington erected in Central Park to be 625 feet high and to cost at least $750,000. It is a pity then that he died so soon. The "Father of his Country" may never have a decent monument unless by private enterprise. Uncle Sam is a veritable snail sometimes in commemorating the dead or rewarding merit.

A Mr. Waddigton of New York remarks the Oakland *Transcript*, claims to be the largest land owner in New York. The spirit of Creed Haymond is not one that Mr. Waddington admires, or least he seems in no haste to carry it out. He overtops Gen. Coburn of Maine, in this particular, by a large majority, owning 1,256,000 acres of land, mostly in eastern New Mexico, and on the Rio Grand. The land is in many cases improved with fences and buildings, and on it there are 8,000 head of cattel and 12,000 head of sheep.

A house was recently moved from one end of town to the other, a portion of which was sawed off and left behind to be occupied by the family, while the larger part was moved. Over the end of this remainder was stretched a sheet of muslin, and at night when the lamps were lighted, a crowd would assemble on the sidewalk to witness some first-class shadow pictures, produced by the family sitting at the table and eating. By the position of the lamp, potatoes were made to appear as big as pumpkins, and mouths looked like yawning chasms, says the *Napa Reporter*

The Tulare *Times* says the great want of that country is a thorough system of irrigation, and urges all who represent or advocate the interests of that section, to unceasingly labor to secure to it this most pressing necessity. Thousands of the farmers there, the *Times* says, are becoming discouraged. They have spent time and money in the endeavor to make the present system of irrrigation a success, but have failed to do so. Lands now worthless can be made to bear fine crops with a proper system of irrigation. Until this shall be obtained, the landed possessions there can have no fixed, substantial sale.

The recent election in Georgia resulted in the ratification of the new Constitution, the approval of the new Homestead Act and the retention of the Capitol at Atlanta. The new Constitution contains several important innovations. Among these is the power given to the Legislature to regulate railroad tariffs; the election of State officers for two years and biennial sessions of the Legislature; a restriction of decrees of divorce to the concurrent verdict of two Judges at different terms of Court; and other modifications which secure to the people of the State an improved Constitution.

Donn Piatt discourses as follows: "The Hon. Evarts, since his Stanford fiasco, has lost cast. There are few men in public life who can survive ridicule. The Americans are very like the French in this respect. You remember Cæsar de Bazan's objection to being hung—that it is not only killing a man, but making him ridiculous. Well, being made ridiculous with us is tantamount to being hanged. By-the-by, in giving the Sanford anecdote, as told at the expense of Evarts, I did not give it all; no, nor the best part. When Evarts said to Matthews, returning from an entertainment at Sanford's, 'We must give the fellow something or quit eating his dinners,' Matthews replied: 'In that case we had better give it to his cook."

Two notorius thieves escaped from the Omaha jail Saturday by digging through a stone wall.

Young Italians in New York gather the heads of turkeys and chickens and sell them to cheap restaurants where they are used for soup.

Seven car loads of wool, 2 of wool and merchandise, 2 of merchandise, 1 of fans and merchandise, 2 of hides and 1 of fruit went East December 15th and 16th.

A while ago a party of lynchers down South, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

The total length of the Sutro tunnel up to the present time is 18,368 feet, leaving a distance of about 1,630 feet to run before intersecting the Comstock.

From nearly every portion of the State come cheering reports of the crop prospects. With the usual quantity of rain which falls after this season of the year, California can scarcely miss a prosperous year.

The Des Moines *Register* says ex-Secretary Belknap is "practicing law, making money and minding his own business." It would have been better for the country if he had never done any thing but practice law.

The St. Louis *Times* says: Senator Conkling owns a horse with which he passes Brother Hayes' horses on the road with the greatest ease. Is this one of the straws that show the way the gray mare goes for the better horse?

To see a Senator of the United States unable to visit his constituents, for fear they will seize him and lock him up in jail, is not an inspiring spectacle. Yet, the New York *Sun* says, this is precisely the Hon. M. Patterson's case.

A large number of the leading newspapers of the State have closed their columns against quack advertisements of the Spinney, Czapkay and Gibbons school. Journals admitting this class of advertisements should be shunned by every household.

A bill reducing the fare on street railroads in Sacramento to five cents has passed both Houses of the Legislature. Some slight amendments regarding children under a certain age were introduced in the House, but it is quite certain that the bill will become a law.

The Boston *Traveller*, Radical, says: President Hayes has sought to act as a no-party President, and the consequence is that he has no party to support him. He has not destroyed partisanship, but he has done much in the work of destroying the Republican party.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* publishes the following paragraphs: The state of mild insanity is better represented in the Senate, than either of the thirty-eight States.—Pinchback has resigned that seat in the Senate he never held, instead of imitating Simon Cameron and transferring it to his son.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: As the Senate is largely filled up with old women, dummies and absentees, the chances are that the Presidential bull-dosing will succeed in that august body; but outside of the Senate the fate of the fraud of reform is sealed as soon as its character is exposed, as it promises to be.

The matter of rapid transit in New York is settled. An English syndicate is to build the road, which is to be underground. Sir Edward Matkin is at the head of the movement. The money has all been raised, and the Company refuses to show its books. Work will begin immediately. The road is expected to cost from six to eight millions.

Senator Thurman deserves the thanks of the Democratic party for the faithful and able manner in which he led the Democrats in the Senate during the long and tiresome all-night session. His services were such as very few men on the Democratic side could have performed. He was more than a match for the tricky Vermont lawyer who led the Radical side.

Several Cheyenne Indian Chiefs had a satisfactory consultation with General Sheridan on Saturday, when they expressed a desire to remain with Genearl Miles and assist him in case of Indian outbreaks in the spring. They were, however, informed that they must move to their reservation in Indian Territory early in April, and with this they appeared contented.

The New Orleans *Times* says: The miserable looseness and inadequacy of our institutions, as regards the relation between State and Federal laws, has just been luminously illustrated in the cases of Kellogg and Patterson. Under no other civilized Government on earth would it be possible for men to sit in the representative body of the nation under such circumstances.

The Washington *Republican* says: Judge Mackey, of South Carolina, who recently recommended a clearing-house for crime, or substantially, that felony should become a matter of "book account," has telegraphed his congratulations to Senator Patterson, on his release from limbo, under the late decision of Judge Humphreys. This is all very proper and congenial.

Many interior papers are advocating an editorial convention to be held next April or May, at which the press of the Pacific Coast shall be represented. There has lately been a convention fever in this State for anything and everything. For the sake of poor suffering humanity don't add to it by getting 150 or 200 editors jawing at each other. Hades would be bearable and a meeting of strongminded women absolute Paradise in comparison, complains the *Bee*.

A gentleman asked Conkling why he did not take his place as leader in this fierce fight instead of permiting Edmonds to so mismanage. "Well," he replied, "the place belongs, of courtesy, to Edmunds; and then, as to myself, I am like the Irishman who on his death-bed was adjured by the priest to renounce the devil and all his works, and the dying man said: Be sure, father, as ye say it's very doubtful as to where I'm going, I don't think it would be prudent to offend any one in advance.

Girardin is lodged like a king. He owns and lives in one of the mansions near the Arc. His drawingroom is built on the colossal scale of Versailles. It would hold a public meeting. It is very richly furnished, but being too vast to be tricked out in the ordinary way, its knick-knacks are busts, bronzes and huge paintings by Delacroix. Running parallel to it is a long gallery containing more pictures and bronzes and book-shelves, flanked, drolly enough, by busts of the past and present Mesdames de Girardin.

It is probable that the celebrated Krupp gun, with which the whole of the German artillery is at present armed, will be superseded before very long by another weapon. Experiments have been lately made in the foundry at Spandau with bronze steel, prepared by the Uchatius method, and these have been so successful that the Inspection-General of the German artillery has definitely decided to adopt it as a material for the manufacture of ordnance; and, in the first instance, has ordered several siege guns to be made of the new compound. The construction of these guns is looked upon as the first step toward the complete substitution of bronze steel for steel ordnance in the German army.

A New Wheat Country.

The Mississippi valley has for a long time carried away the palm for its wheat products. Now comes a rival to the front, and if all accounts are true we shall in three years have a wheat product from the State of Texas which will leave all other States in the background. During the war, when the supply of flour was limited, a small amount of wheat was sown in the northern counties of that State. The result was such that the experiment has been repeated year after year. Last year thirteen counties yielded a wheat crop of 7,500,000 bushels, valued at $8,000,000. It is now claimed that the wheat belt extends to fifty counties, one-fifth of which, if cultivated, would produce 80,000,000 bushels. These statements may look chimerical, but Texas has a diversified climate and a soil which in many respects resembles that of the bottom lands of the Nile in Egypt.

* * *

Valuable and Instructive Literature.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for January, 1878, containing 32 pages, is just received. Heretofore the work has been issued quarterly, but from this time it is to be published monthly. As a floral guide it is by far the best published, and all interested in the various branches of horticulture should subscribe for it. Price, $1.25 a year; or, together with the *American Rural Home*, a first-class family weekly paper of eight ample pages, only $2.15 a year, postpaid. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York. The foregoing was accompanied by "Vicks Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1878," from which any article can be selected and ordered according to directions.

Their Opinions.

We took a turn around town last evening and interviewed the following merchants of Woodland concerning the business outlook present and future, with the following result:

F. S. Freeman, of Freeman & Co., pioneer merchants of Woodland, tells us that his trade at present is equal if not greater than at this season of any previous year. He says he can sell all the goods he wants to, and more too, as his books are becoming alarmingly pregnant with unsettled accounts. He expects good crops and has a very hopeful anticipation of good times to come. We have no doubt his customers would pay up much more promptly should the Craft House be decorated with a new awning.

H. B. Wood says that he has no right to complain, as business in the hardware line has kept up remarkably well so far this winter, and he has no fear of a falling off in trade, provided the season is in any degree favorable towards a good crop.

C. D. Morin, of the pioneer stove and tinware store, has no reason to complain, as he is doing a living business with a prospect of much better times in the future.

Dryfus & Co. are doing well, the wholesale department of the establishment gradually looking up. He anticipates a good business for the Winter and Spring.

S. T. Pendegast & Co. report fair sales, with a promise of increased patronage. They anticipate a favorable season, and are consequently hopeful of a good Winter trade.

A. Nickelsburg & Bro. say their trade in dry goods and clothing keeps up very well, and they do not anticipate any marked business depression.

Alexander, of the White House, says he is seldom crowded with customers as he has been for the last week, and entertains a very cheerful outlook for the future. His display of holiday goods draws the attention of a large majority of passers-by, and the consequence is a decided run on his establishment. He has high hopes for the future.

A. D. Porter claims to have done a larger business in his line last month than in any corresponding month since he began business, but complains of the excessive demand for credit. He thinks the credit system should be revised. He has no fears for the future in case his customers are prompt in paying up.

L. Machefert evidently takes a gloomy view of the situation, and is fearful of a general business stagnation unless we have a plentiful rainfall before the advent of the new year.

C. W. Proctor is "happy and content, like Swinley's boarders," and looks on the bright side of the picture, although the prospect for the future is not the most flattering.

Mr. Spence, of Spence & Boulton, takes a cheerful view of the prospect, and thinks with what experience he has had here, that Woodland is the best town in upper California for the location of live business men. We hope the Dr. will never have occasion to think otherwise.

Mrs. W. W. Porter reports times as rather dull, but as the holidays are approaching anticipates a livelier outlook in her line of business. If any young lady should be foolish enough to contemplate matrimony we advise her to call and order her trousseau from Mrs. Porter. It would enliven the dull tedium of her listless hours, and help trade.

G. W. Greene was not in, but upon interrogating his good-looking clerk, Ed., we were informed that business was "kinder dull," but hoped it would look up before the holidays were over. We trust Edward's hopes may be fully realized.

Tony Mossmayer, of Mossmayer & Johnson, has his hands full to supply his customers with meat, lard, sausage, etc. He anticipates a rich return from the immense quantity of bacon and sugar cured-hams he has on hand, and which, under the control of his careful supervision, have been cured to perfection. He says he can stand a dry season, but would much prefer copious rains.

Gosliner & Co. report business, present and prospective, good, and do not anticipate any great dimiuntion in trade even if this should prove a dry season.

J. H. Eaton & Son give a flattering report and are well satisfied with the present outlook. Still they look and long for rain, and with all of us, desire good crops and prosperity to all classes.

Thomas & Bidwell couldn't ask for a more favorable business outlook, and have no serious fears for the future.

Read & Simpson report business as very fair considering the fact that they are selling out at cost, and have not a full stock to present to their customers. They expect to dispose of most of their goods during the holiday season.

Richard Forrester is satisfied with the present prospect, and is very hopeful of a good winter and spring trade. As an evidence of his confidence in good times to come he is constantly laying in goods in his line of business.

Viers & Gwinn pursue the even tenor of their way, and anticipate a good Spring and Summer trade in their line. They depend greatly upon the winning ways of the attractive gentlemen who preside at the blocks of their markets on Main street.

Eugene La Busier is a little despondent, and has rather gloomy forebodings for the future. We hope he will look at the matter in a different light before long.

What The Farmers Say.

We took occasion to interview several of our farmers yesterday concerning their opinions of the rain prospects since the recent shower We still find some croakers as the following will testify:

Ira Dopkins prophesies a very dry season, basing his opinion on the fact that the showers we have so far received have been so limited in amount of moisture. He goes a good deal on the "moon" influence, also, and will be surprised if we have over seven inches of rain this winter.

Joe. Gibson is of the same opinion, and, contrary to his usual cheerful temperament is feeling very blue over the supposed drought.

Hon. Jason Watkins takes a different view of it, and prophesies a sufficient rainfall to insure good crops both upon summer-fallow and winter sowed land. We hope Jason is right.

C. G. Day is hopeful and despondent by spells, but rather leans to the dry year theory. He is largely interested in lands of the San Joaquin Valley, and is used to drought.

Several others whom we interviewed expressed different opinions. The majority, however, do not expect a wet winter. We hope to see the decision of the majority reversed, and live in hopefull anticipation of that conclusion.

Our Meat Markets.

We took a stroll through Viers & Gwinn's markets, recently, and found everything in ship shape order. The two markets, under the superintendence of W. H. Wilcox and Geo. Armstrong, respectively, are models of neatness and show great taste in the display of meats. The gentlemanly book-keeper, Mr. George Allord, informs us that much needed improvement had been made at the slaughter-house, a new building having been put up entirely separate from the slaughter-house proper, to be used for the manufacture of sausage, head cheese, Bolognas, etc., and the rendering out of lard. The appurtenances of this department are all new and of the latest and best patterns. Mr. Veirs says that every visitor to Woodland from abroad, whose business calls him to the markets, says that the three establishments here are better arranged and more neatly kept than any outside of the large cities. This, of course, includes Mr Messmayer's elegant market in College Block

* * *

The effect of the rain is already visible on the wheat, grass and all kinds of vegetation, giving it renewed life with a lease for some time to come.

SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
IN THE STATE.

SHERMAN AND HYDE SQUARE
AND UPRIGHT PIANOS!

Weber Pianos!

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ESTEY AND STANDARD ORGANS!

BRASS INSTRUMENTS!
SHEET MUSIC!
—AND—
EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
SOLD ON EASY TERMS!

Address,
SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.,
no15w1y SAN FRANCISCO.

D. H. HOWE'S
DOUBLE-LOCK, SELF-SUPPORTING
PORTABLE FENCE!

This fence was invented by Mr. Howe, who resides in Woodland, and patented in December, 1876. It is well known in this county as being superior to any that has ever been used here, and it is also

CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER!

Each panel is separate and simply slips into another, and when put together can be drawn off bodily by hitching to the end of it.

It Cannot be Blown Over by the Wind

Or pushed over by Live Stock. It can be made any height or length of panels to suit. It is very easily put together and taken apart, as it locks itself, and two men and teams will take down, move and put up again—anywhere within a mile—two miles of it in a day.

For references apply to any of the principal Farmers of Yolo County, or address me at Woodland, Yolo County, Cal.

Manufactured at Newton & Co's Lumber Yard,
Woodland, and at N. L. DREW'S YARD, in Sacramento.
no15w D. H. HOWE, Proprietor

STEINWAY'S
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANOS!

Were awarded the HIGHEST HONORS at the Centennial Exhibition, viz., TWO MEDALS and DIPLOMAS OF HONOR for "The Highest Degree of Excellence in All their Styles of Pianos!

No other piano exhibitor has received more than one medal.
First Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Paris, 1867.
First Prize Medal, London Exhibition, 1862.

A. HEYMAN, Gen'l Agent,
SACRAMENTO,
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MRS. E. DAVDISON,
Ladies' Hair Dresser.

Switches, Puffs and Curls
Made to Order.

Combings made into Switches, and all work guaranteed. Ladies' Shampooing done. Stamping done on Short Notice.

Mrs. E. Davidson has the Agency of the Celebrated DR. WARNER CORSET.

Over Porter & Co.,
de20w3m WOODLAND.

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W. REED,
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EVERY STYLE OF PICTURE
Known to the Photographic Art
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CABINET CARDS, - - - $4 per doz.
CARTES DE VISITE, - - $2 per doz.
de8-3m

D. RAY, M.D.,
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Iowa; also Graduate of Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Has returned to his old home in Woodland for the purpose of practicing his profession. Pays particular attention to Chronic Diseases and diseases of Women and Children.

OFFICE, Over Prior's Harness Shop.
no15w

FALL GOODS.

NEW STOCK JUST RECEIVED

Our principles are still the same as ever. We are opposed to humbugs and every excitement which misleads the people. We are still doing a

A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS!
And sell you
Good Goods at Low Prices

DRY GOODS & CLOTHING!
Are Comparatively Lower This Year Than Usual.

OUR STOCK IS NEW AND FRESH
And every article bought at our establishment we guarantee
Will Give Full Satisfaction!

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS?

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,
Sole Agents for the Standard White Shirts,
Overalls, Jumpers, etc.; also of MADAME DEMOREST'S most reliable PATTERNS, of which we have just received An Entire New Supply for the Fall and Winter Season.
oc25-w3m A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

SUMMER TRADE
1877.
Langville and Madison,
YOLO COUNTY.

W. LEVY,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods,
—AND—
General Merchandise,
AT LANGVILLE AND MADISON.

Has on hand at BOTH these places Heavy Stocks of

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements,

Building & Shelf Hardware
FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,
ETC., ETC.

Ten per cent. will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

My Madison Store has been supplied with a large stock of *New* Goods which must be sold out soon.

CALL AT LEVY'S.
Pays Cash for Grain and Wool.
GRAIN SACKS,
ON HAND AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.
May 24, 1877. no24-3m

SELLING OFF
TO CLOSE BUSINESS
AT COST.

COME AND SEE IF WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.

We propose to sell our ENTIRE STOCK of

General Merchandise!
........CONSISTING OF........
DRY GOODS!
CLOTHING!
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!
BOOTS AND SHOES!
GLASSWARE & CROCKERY
........AND........
Everything Kept in a First-Class Store.

AT COST, FOR CASH, GOLD COIN,
As we are determined to close out.

Remember that our Goods are
ALL FRESH AND NEW!
Not Shelf-worn or Moth-eaten.

N.B.—All persons indebted to us will please come forward and settle immediately.

READ & SIMPSON.
Woodland, October 11th, 1877. oc25

Carriage & Wagon Making
HORSE-SHOEING
AND GENERAL JOBBING,
By Deitz & Knox,
Cor. 2d and Main Sts.,
WOODLAND, CAL.

We manufacture all kinds of Vehicles and Farming Implements to order, employing none but the best workmen and materials. All work warranted to give satisfaction.
no15w DEITZ & KNOX, Propr's.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—AT THE—
New Harness and Saddle Manufactory!

Also in Whips, Spurs, Blankets, Robes, Sweat Pads, Etc.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING
AND REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED!
Opp. Central Livery Stables,
MAIN ST., WOODLAND, CAL.
no29w3m D. TOBIAS, Prop'r.

THOMAS & BIDWELL,
Retail Grocers!
AND DEALERS IN
All kinds of Farm Produce!
NEXT TO EXPRESS OFFICE,
WOODLAND, CAL.
je1dw

SACRAMENTO
Business College
AND TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,
Library Building, 210 I Street,
SACRAMENTO.

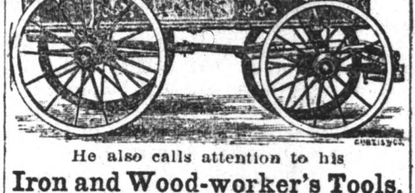
The practical business training school of California. The largest Telegraph Institute in the United States.

Send for the COLLEGE JOURNAL, containing engravings of the different departments, terms, rules and general information.
Address E. C. ATKINSON.
de20w18m Principal Business College, Sac.

H. B. WOOD,
—DEALER IN—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MACHINERY,
Hardware, Woodenware, Paints & Oils,
MAIN ST., WOODLAND.

The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

Myers' Excelsior Gang Plow!
ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE!



He also calls attention to his
Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,
And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in
IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES, BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS, HINGES, ETC., ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY,
Cutlery, in Every Style,
CORDAGE, BLASTING POWDER,
Fuse, and all kinds of Ammunition.

The stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of
Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, ETC., ETC.

THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS, MECHANICS AND BUILDERS

Is particularly invited to his stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.

H. B. WOOD.
WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. de21-tf

FIRST IN THE FIELD!
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE
—AT—
Madison!

I have changed my location from COTTONWOOD TO MADISON, and take this means of informing the public that I have on hand a full stock of

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
—AND—
Almost Everything Else
THAT A FAMILY WANTS!

I BELIEVE IN QUICK SALES
AND SMALL PROFITS!

Which the public will find out if they give me a trial.

On all sums traded amounting to over Five Dollars and paid in gold, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be allowed; if paid in silver, 6 per cent.

COME AND SEE ME.
A. HAINES.
MADISON, YOLO COUNTY, April 15th, 1877.
oc16-3m

Elston & White,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Strictly Pure Medicinal
LIQUORS,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books.
—ALSO,—
Agents for the sale of Batchelor's Celebrated KEY EAST CIGARS, and Gravely's Fine CHEWING TOBACCO.

Dealers supplied with Cigars at Manufacturers' rates.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded Day or Night,

The Proprietors being experienced Druggists.
STORE, OPP. POSTOFFICE, WOODLAND, CAL.
de1w

J. K. SMITH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FURNITURE AND BEDDING,
COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
Woodland, Cal., opp. the Craft House.
UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.
A fine new hearse in connection with the business. je1-dw

MRS. W. W. PORTER & CO.,
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY & DRESSMAKING!
COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
WOODLAND, CAL.
FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS.
Agents for Butterick's and the Domestic Patterns. no19w

LIVERY & FEED STABLES!

I have again assumed charge, personally, of the well known, old-established EL DORADO Livery and Feed Stables, Near the Exchange Hotel, Woodland, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Good Livery Turnouts furnished. Animals Boarded and cared for on reasonable terms. [jy5w] T. C. POCKMAN.

RUPTURE!

Use no more Metal Trusses! No more suffering from iron hoops or steel springs. Pierce's Patent Magnetic Elastic Truss is worn with ease and comfort NIGHT AND DAY and will perform radical cures when all others fail. Reader, if ruptured, try one; you will never regret it. Send for Illustrated Book and Price List. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS COMAANY, 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Sent by mail to all parts of the world.

R. FORRESTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
LUDDEN & FORRESTER,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,
GLASSWARE & CROCKERY!
AGENT FOR THE
CAPITAL WOOLEN MILL CASSIMERES
—AND—
S. K. DODGE'S BUCK GLOVES!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—I would call your attention to the fact that I am offering you Bargains which cannot be obtained elsewhere. I can convince everybody that I mean just what I say and say just what I mean. But the best way to test the truthfulness of this assertion is to call and examine my stock and prices, always remembering that I DEFY COMPETITION in every particular.

A Large Stock of Goods Suitable for the Fall Trade
IS NOW BEING RECEIVED.
de1w1m

EAGLE MILLS,
Knights Landing.
ARNOLD & SCHROTH, Prop's.

These well known and popular mills have been thoroughly overhauled and repaired by the new proprietors, and are now ready for business, and turning out the best quality of

Fine Flour, Corn Meal,
Graham Flour, Ground Feed,
ETC., ETC.

Special attention will be given to
GRIST WORK,
Which will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

For choice lots of milling wheat the highest price will be paid in cash. oc18-3m

J. G. SCHWALM,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES
And Provisions.
HIGHEST PRICE PAID IN CASH FOR
POULTRY!
MAIN ST., PP. WASHINGTON HALL,
WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.
oc11-3m

J. G. JOHNSON, San Francisco. A. MOSSMEYER, Woodland
CITY MARKET,
WOODLAND.
JOHNSON & MOSSMEYER,
PROPRIETORS.
Dealers in All Kinds of Meats.
HIGHEST MARKET RATES PAID
—FOR—
CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS!
oc19-w

D. H. QUINN,
THE HATTER,
N.E. COR. FOURTH & I STREETS,
SACRAMENTO.
LATEST STYLES
—OF—
Gents' Youths' and Children's
HATS!
MADE TO ORDER.
no1w

REMOVAL.
J. A. Wilson,
FURNITURE DEALER,

Gives notice to his old customers and the public generally that he has removed to

111 J STREET,

A few doors above his old place, in the same block, where he has a Splendid Stock of Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.

J. A. WILSON, 111 J Street,
SACRAMENTO.
my10-3m

CAPITAL HOTEL.

Having purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the traveling and resident public is respectfully solicited.

Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

No Chinese Cooks Employed,
Free 'bus to and from all passenger trains.
JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor.
de1-1m

NOTICE!
2,000 Acres of First-Class Farming Land for Sale!

One mile from Dunnigan's Station, on the California Pacific Railroad and five miles from the Sacramento River. Terms of sale easy.
Address W. J. CLARKE,
je29-tf Antelope, Yolo Co.

C. W. PROCTOR,
PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,
Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
UNDER CRAFT HOTEL, MAIN ST., WOODLAND
je1dw

T. M. PRIOR,
Harness & Saddle Maker,
Two Doors West of Express Office,
WOODLAND, - - - - - - CAL.
Only Importer from the East.
Everything in my line constantly on hand, or made to order, and sold at lowest living rates. je1dw